PENTHOUSE comix

THE INTERNATIONAL ILLUS EN

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SUYDAM
NOWLAN
BEACHUM

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PENTHOUSE ComiX
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Jan./Feb. 1995

COVER ART BY KEVIN NOWLAN

The full-bleed, full size version of this gorgeous painting appears on page 34.

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WHO'S WHO IN *PENTHOUSE COMIX*

JOEL ADAMS

Being the son of the legendary comic artist Neal Adams might be enough to get you in the door at most comic companies, but at *Penthouse Comix*, a magazine that features the greatest artists in comics ever, you need more and Joel has it. In my 12 years in the comic business, I've never come across a more talented and exciting newcomer than Joel. Mark my words, fans, you're looking at the big-time debut of a man who's going to be the hottest artist in comics real soon.

BOB WIACEK

Continuing his three-issue winning streak as Young Cap Inker, Bob Wiacek is a man who has been around the block in comics and rubbed elbows with the greats. Starting at the School of Visual Arts with teachers like Will Eisner and Harvey Kurtzman, he went on to become one of the "CRUSTY BUNKERS," the legendary '70s gang of comic studio giants led by Neal Adams and Dick Giordano. Bob's extensive credits since 1974 include my favorite run of "The Uncanny X-Men" (believe it or not, comic fans, in those bygone days, there was only ONE X-Men book a month. Hard to believe, huh?), and "Iron Man 2020" (his first penciling gig). Special thanks are due to Bob for saving our bacon with last-minute but still perfect work on Young Cap over the last two issues.

KENNY LOPEZ

Kenny "The Machine" Lopez is a comic-lettering workhorse without peer. Comic lettering is a fine art that is best when when the story flows so seemlessly around the balloons that you don't even notice it. Take a close look at Kenny's work, and you'll notice the difference that a man of his talent brings to this vital aspect of good comics.

JASON POLKOVITZ

Coming to us from the Marvel Comics Slave Galley, Jason serves as Exec Editor Mark "Mac" McClellan's assistant and stands as the first member of Mark's Unholy Army of the Night. What's really scary, though, is the time that Jason's twin brother, Cary, came into the office for the first time and I had a fifteen minute conversation with him, thinking he was Jason. Hmm... I think somebody's been watching "The Patty Duke Show" on Nick at Nite a bit too much.

LARRY NIVEN

Where do I start a bio on America's Greatest Living Science Fiction/Fantasy Author, Hugo and Nebula Award Winner, Larry Niven? Author of over a hundred books (everything from sci-fi to cookbooks), including such classics as *Ringworld*. He's also a terrific guy, a joy to work with, and his piece in this month's O.M.O. "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex" is excerpted from my favorite science fiction book of all time, *All the Myriad Ways*, a collection of Niven's short stories published in 1978.

CURT SWAN

Illustrating Niven's essay is, without a doubt, the greatest Superman artist in that character's history. For over three decades, Curt defined DC Comics' "Man of Steel." Speaking as a former six year old who viewed your tales of "The Last Son of Krypton" by flashlight under the covers, thanks for dinosaurs, barber poles, weddings, gorillas and the heroic dreams. Welcome aboard, Sir Swan!

Happy New Year, Penthouse Pals!

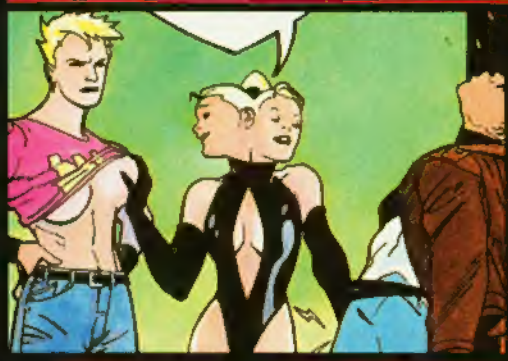
Special Notice! Just before press time, we signed esteemed Marvel Comics Art Director Steve Geiger to the *Penthouse Comix* Dream Team. Be here next issue for the lowdown on our second *Penthouse Comix* Magazine: MEN'S ADVENTURE COMIX coming in March! They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but while others imitate, we *innovate*!

EPISODE 5: MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON

OUR STORY THUS FAR:

The legendary **Burning Ring O' Power**, first discovered in the 40's by fearless archeologist **Pat Pike** in an ancient Aztec Tomb, grants to it's wearer powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men. Young **Joey Pike**, like his father and his grandfather before him, possesses the ring and carries on the Pike family tradition as America's greatest champion of justice, Captain Adventure. Joey came to New York to join his dad's former superhero group ...

... the **Team Supreme**™ (etc.). Much to Joey's dismay, the group had now become a cheap pack of two-bit hucksters, making a fast buck on the legend that real heroes like Joey's dad had built. One member of the team befriended Joey, Emily Feldman (a.k.a. **Hericane**) the super-girl who just wants to have fun. In the weeks that followed, Joey battled **DarkBlood** and Hericane was forced by the diabolical demon king of villainy to endure a night of pay-per-view passion in order to save Young Cap's life!

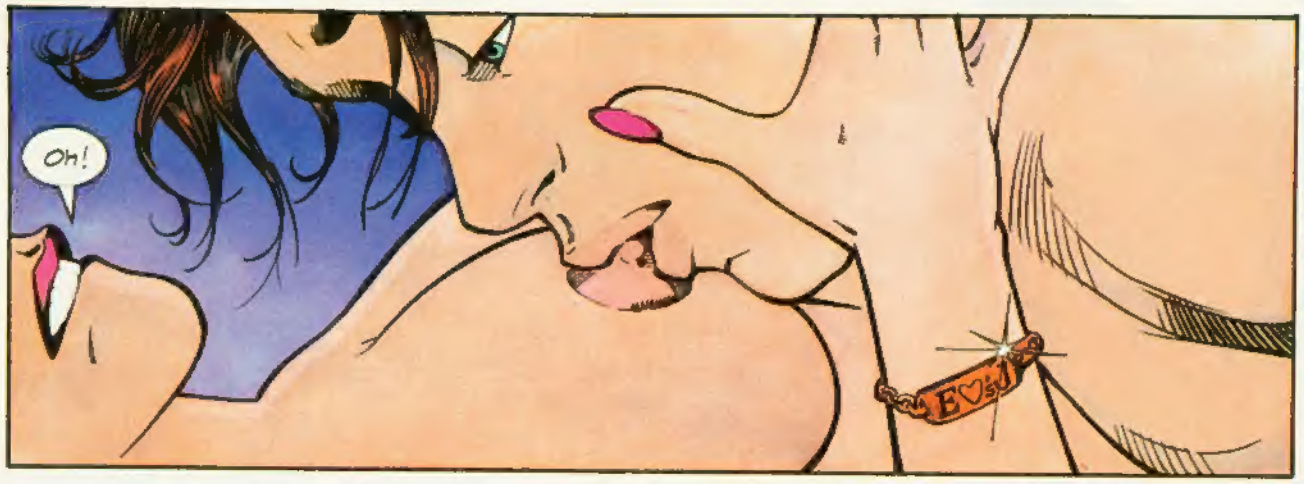


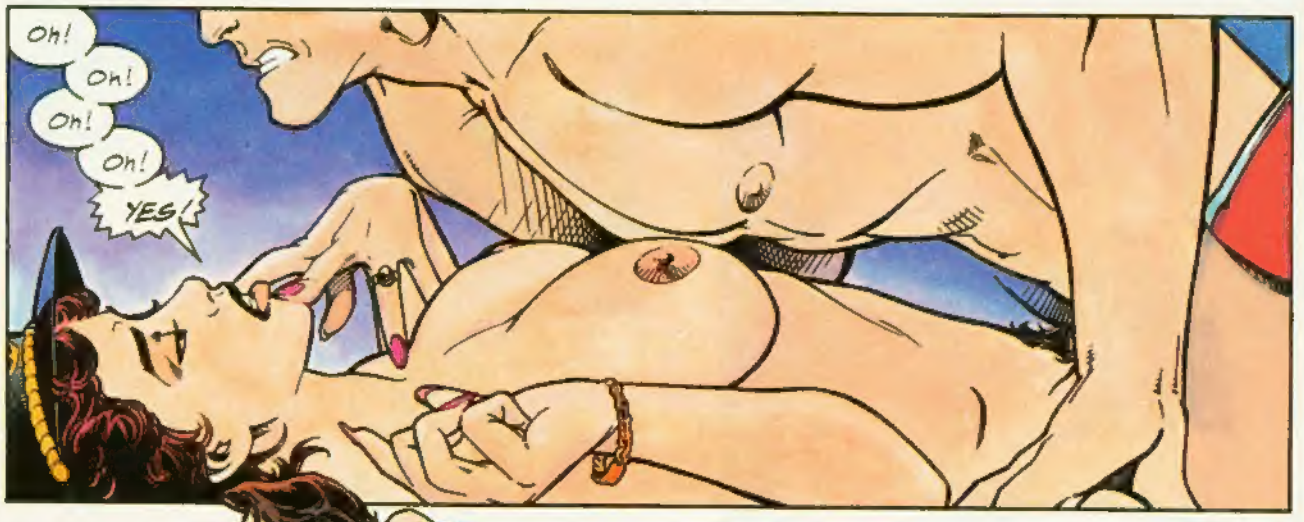
Next, Joey and Emily faced the mind altering machinations of the bodacious **Bad Girl**, who's **Emotion Reverso Ray**™ transforms everyone into their mirror opposite. Hericane became the man-hating lesbian, **Diesel Dyke**, and Joey became a worthless slacker super ... *well let's be honest* ... boy, who kicked the Team Supreme's collective asses. But in the end, true love triumphed; Joey and Hericane were restored to normal and together defeated Bad Girl.

Joey was, by now, as hopelessly in love with Hericane as she was with him. Which is hardly surprising when you consider that Emily and Joey's dad were bed-mates back in the 70's, though Joey is not aware of this fact as yet (and don't get any ideas, people, Joey's mom is not Hericane. That would be ... sick.).

As our story begins in Joey's upper east side apartment, things couldn't be going better for our Generation X superhero ...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton BREAKDOWNS: Adam Hughes
FINISHES: Joel Adams INKER: Bob Wiacek
COLORS: Suydam LETTERS: Lopez





HUFF! HUFF! HUFF! HUFF! HUFF!

HANG IN THERE, BIG FELLA! IT'S ONLY BEEN SIX HOURS!

MMMMMMMMMM...

OHHH... JOEY! JOEY! I LOVE YOU SOOOO MUCH!
AND PRETTY SOON I'LL BE MRS. EMILY FELDMAN-PIKE!

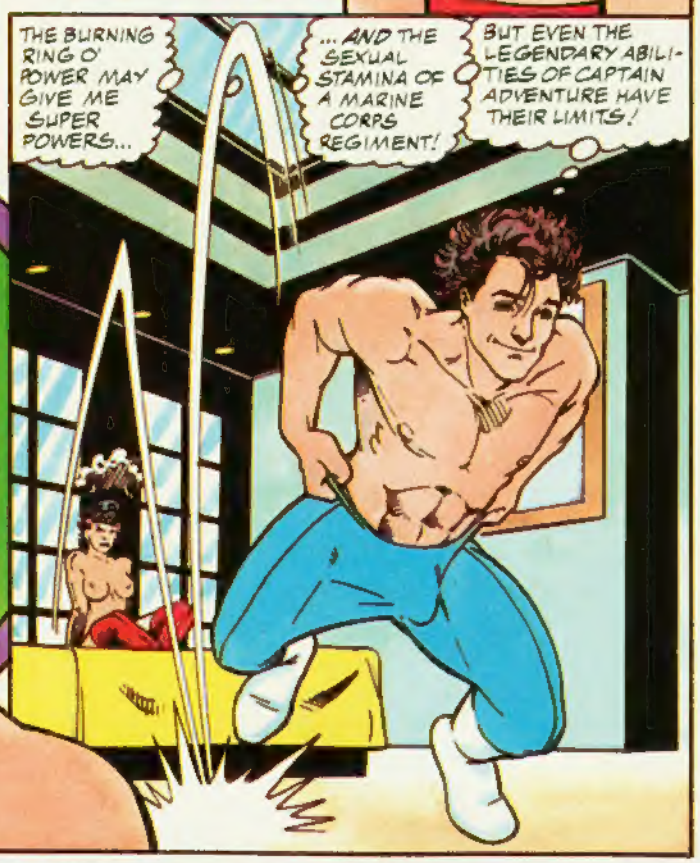
"FELDMAN-PIKE"! HRUMPH! GRRRR!
NOTHING FILLS MY HEART WITH MORE JOY, MY LITTLE FIRE OPAL!

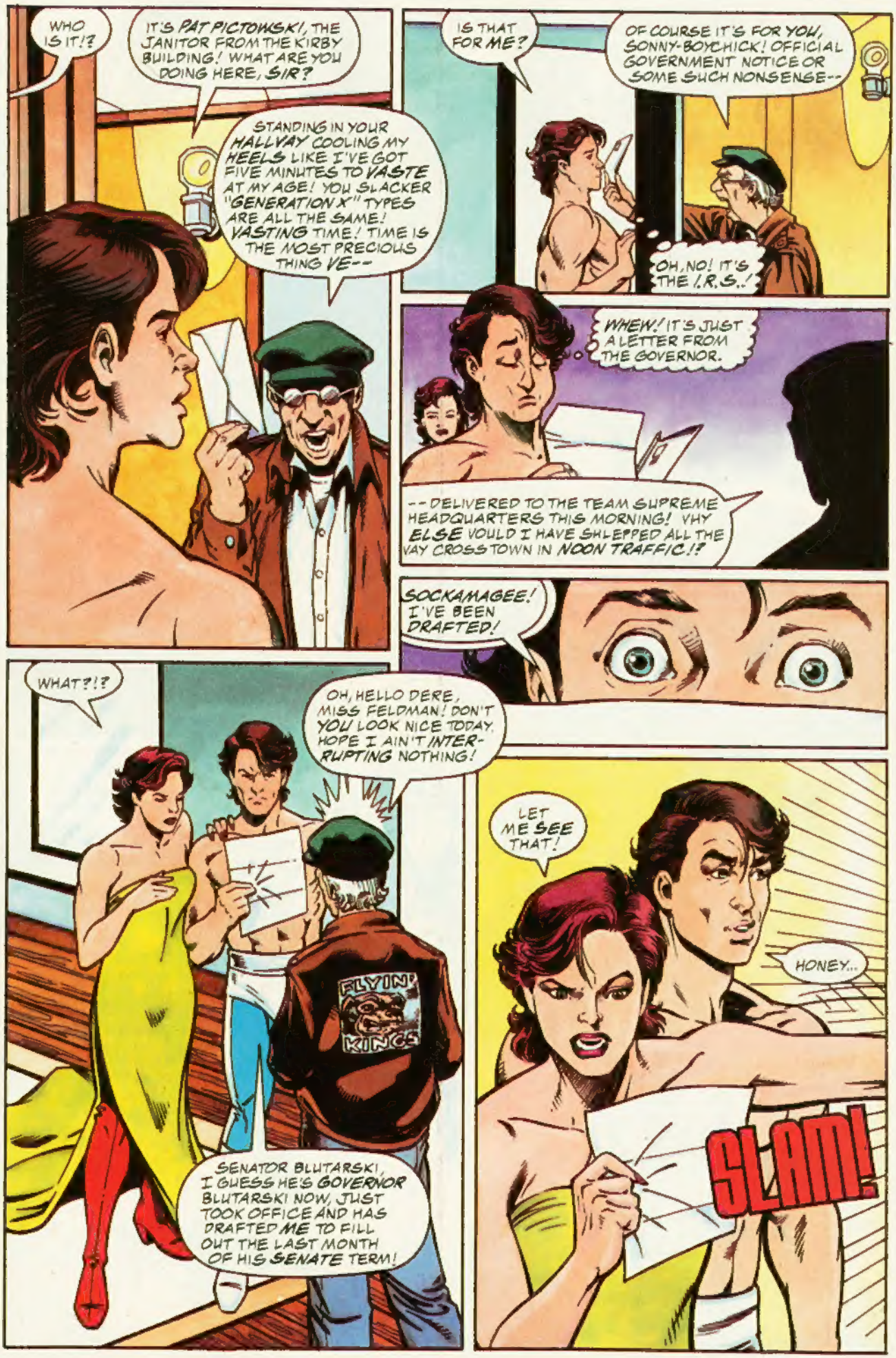
JOEY...
YES, HONEY-LAMB...
DO YOU WANT TO DO IT AGAIN?
MRS. EMILY FELDMAN-PIKE
E. FELDMAN-PIKE
EF-P

NOOOOOOO
OF COURSE, MY PRECIOUS

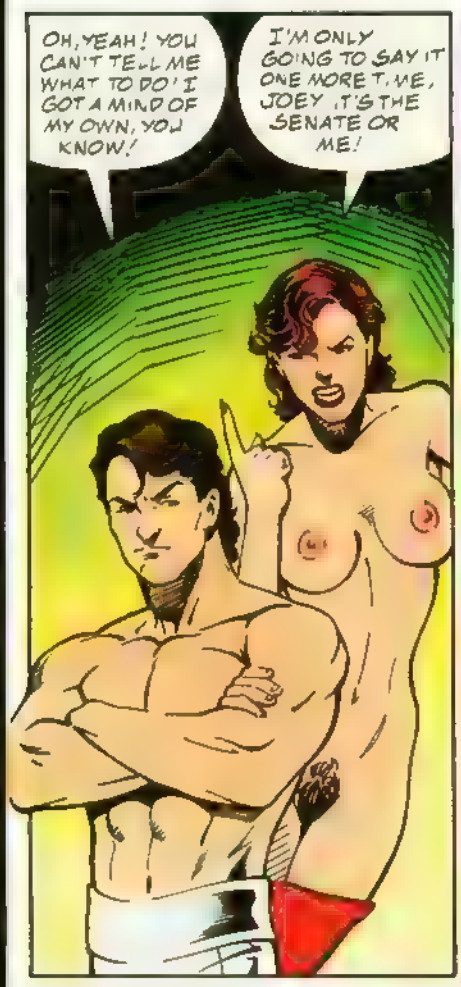
HUFF
PUFF
BRING
SOCKAMAGEE, TURTLEDOVE! DID YOU FINISH ALREADY?
THAT WAS THE DOORBELL, JOEY.

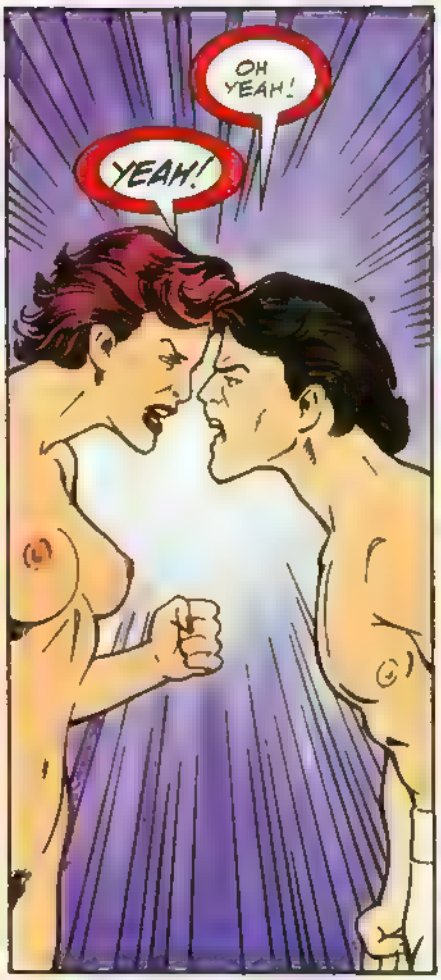
AWWW... SHUCKS!
THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD! THANK GOD!

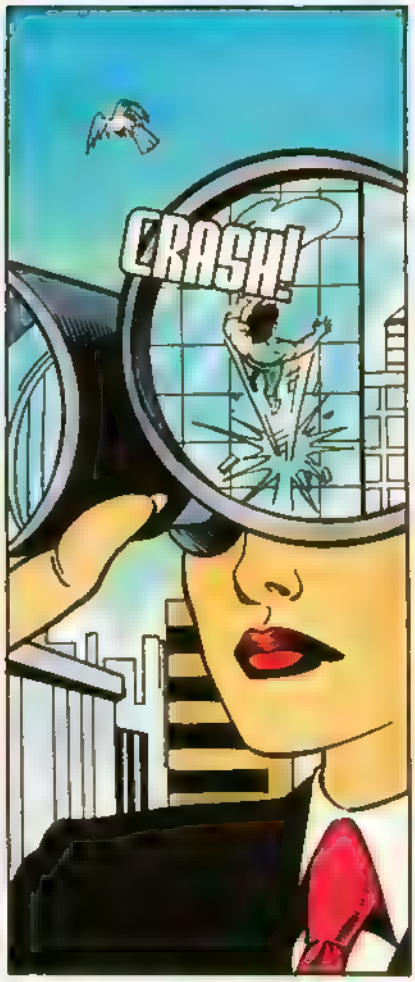

THE BURNING RING O' POWER MAY GIVE ME SUPER POWERS...
... AND THE SEXUAL STAMINA OF A MARINE CORPS REGIMENT!
BUT EVEN THE LEGENDARY ABILITIES OF CAPTAIN ADVENTURE HAVE THEIR LIMITS!


WHO IS IT!?
IT'S PAT PICTOWSKI, THE JANITOR FROM THE KIRBY BUILDING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SIR?
STANDING IN YOUR HALLWAY COOLING MY HEELS LIKE I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO WASTE AT MY AGE! YOU SLACKER "GENERATION X" TYPES ARE ALL THE SAME! WASTING TIME! TIME IS THE MOST PRECIOUS THING WE--
IS THAT FOR ME?
OF COURSE IT'S FOR YOU, SONNY-BOYCHICK! OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT NOTICE OR SOME SUCH NONSENSE--
OH, NO! IT'S THE I.R.S.!
WHEW! IT'S JUST A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR.
--DELIVERED TO THE TEAM SUPREME HEADQUARTERS THIS MORNING! WHY ELSE WOULD I HAVE SHLEPPED ALL THE WAY CROSS TOWN IN NOON TRAFFIC!?
SOCKAMAGEE! I'VE BEEN DRAFTED!
WHAT?!?
OH, HELLO DERE, MISS FELDMAN! DON'T YOU LOOK NICE TODAY. HOPE I AIN'T INTERRUPTING NOTHING!
FLYIN' KINGS
SENATOR BLUTARSKI, I GUESS HE'S GOVERNOR BLUTARSKI NOW, JUST TOOK OFFICE AND HAS DRAFTED ME TO FILL OUT THE LAST MONTH OF HIS SENATE TERM!
LET ME SEE THAT!
HONEY...
SLAM!

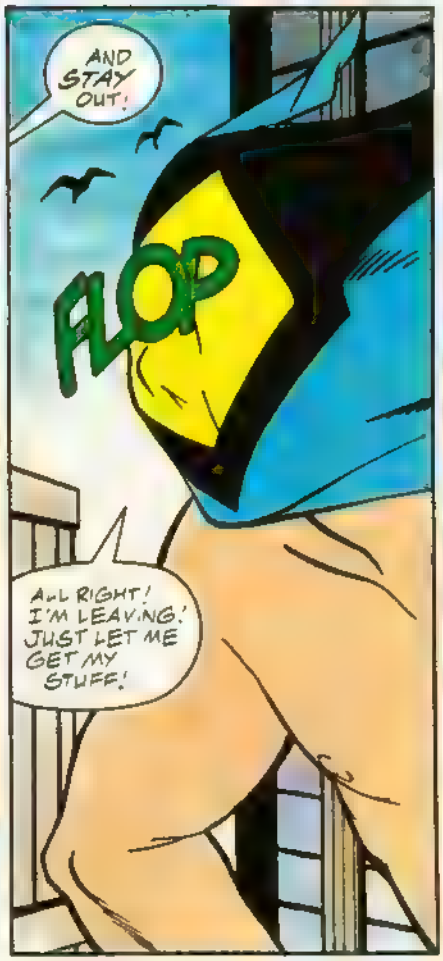
HMMM...
NEVER YOU MIND WHO I'M APPOINTING TO BE THE NEW SENATOR, LUIGI! YOU JUST TAKE YOUR BASEBALL COMMISSIONER JOB, GET THEM BAT-SWINGIN' SLACKERS BACK TO WORK, AND LET ME HANDLE WHAT HAPPENS IN NEW YORK FROM HERE ON IN!
LOOK, JOHN, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. WE JUST WANT SOMEONE INSIDE THE TENT PISSING OUT INSTEAD OF OUTSIDE PISSING IN!
I'LL PISS ON YOU IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF MY OFFICE! IT'S PAST NOON!
LISTEN, JOEY, THIS IS A SET-UP! I CAN SMELL IT!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DON'T YOU GET IT? EVER SINCE THE TEAM SUPREME WHIPPED EVERY CRIMINAL'S ASS IN NEW YORK*, THE STATE GOVERNMENT'S BEEN AFRAID THE TEAM WILL COME UP TO ALBANY AND LOCK UP THE REAL CROOKS!
--AND SINCE ALL OF MY OTHER TEAMMATES ARE ABOUT AS SCANDAL-PRONE AS THE FORMER CAST OF "DIFF'RENT STROKES," YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THEY COULD SAFELY PUT UNDER THEIR THUMBS! WITH A SUPERHERO AS SENATOR, EVERY-ONE'S PALM GETS GREASED AND NOBODY GETS HURT...
...UNDERSTAND? YOU'VE GOTTA TURN HIM DOWN FLAT!
*SEE ISSUE NO. 4.
HECK, NO! I WANNA BE SENATOR! IT'LL BE JUST LIKE JIMMY STEWART IN--
JOSEPH! IF YOU TAKE THAT SENATOR'S JOB, WE'RE THROUGH!


OH, YEAH! YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I GOT A MIND OF MY OWN, YOU KNOW!
I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY IT ONE MORE TIME, JOEY, IT'S THE SENATE OR ME!

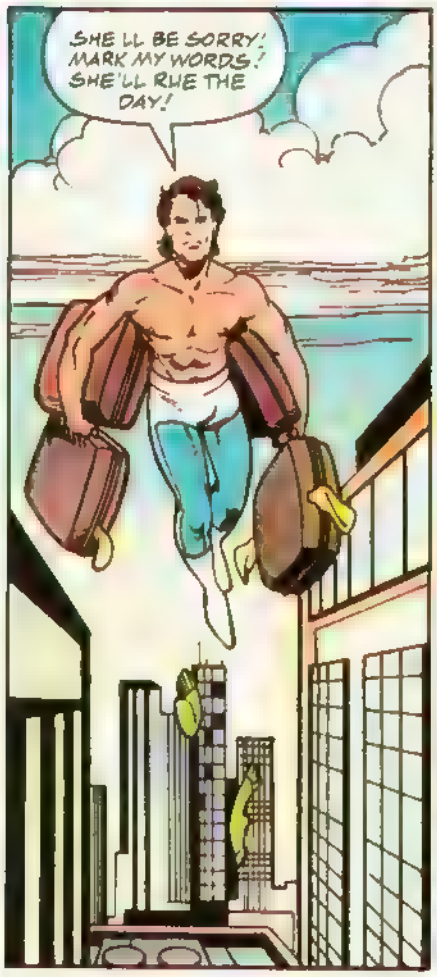

OH YEAH!
YEAH!


CRASH!

YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT! THIS IS MY APARTMENT.
IF I DIDN'T HAVE THE BURNING RING OF POWER ON YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME, YOU KNOW!


AND STAY OUT!
FLOP
ALL RIGHT! I'M LEAVING! JUST LET ME GET MY STUFF!

CRASH
FINE! JUST DON'T COME CRAWLING BACK TO ME WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!



♫ AIN'T IT BAD, AIN'T IT SAD, BOO HOO, WE'RE JUST VICTIMS! ♪

WON'T SOMEONE CHANGE THE C D? THIS NEW PETS ALBUM S ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY! NO WONDER SOMEONE S THROWN THEM IN JAIL!

MAYBE WE CAN FOIL SOME KIND OF TERRORIST BOMBING! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MANPOWER? CAN YOU GET ONE OF YOUR BOY TOY ARAB BUDDIES TO RAT OUT A TERRORIST OR SOMETHING?

WE'LL SET 'EM UP! YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE GET 'EM TO TAKE SOME DEFECTIVE BOMBS. CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT, KNOCK DOWN A COUPLE OF BUILDINGS OWNED BY LANDLORDS WHO DON T SUBSCRIBE TO OUR VILLAIN CLEAN UP SERVICES

THE USUAL CRAP.. MANPOWER?

RED ROGUE™

EDGE™

DEATH-KILLER™

BLOOD-SKULL™

HOTBLOOD™

YOU LUGS! WHERE THE HELL'S MANPOWER?

YOU SAID HE COULDN'T STEAM IN HERE WITH US ANYMORE, BOSS

REMEMBER? EVER SINCE THE TIME YOU CAUGHT HIM TAKING PICTURES OF US FOR BLUE DUDE HERO MAGAZINE. YOU SAID HE HAD TO TAKE A STEAM WITH THE GIRLS FROM NOW ON

DAMMIT! WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO LET THAT SWISHY SUPER-HERO INTO THE TEAM SUPREME, ANYWAY?

YOOZE SAID YOU DIDN'T CARE WHAT WE WUZ INTO AS LONG AS WE CAME UP WITH THE INITIATION FEE AND MET OUR MONTHLY QUOTAS!

BUTTON YOUR LIP, YOU LITTLE

WHOMP

DUCK!

SPLASH

WATCH IT, YOU NUMBSKULL!

WHY, I OUGHTA!

WOO WOO WOO WOO!

FOR CHRISSAKE, SOMEBODY TURN DOWN THE STEAM, WILL YOU? RABBIT BOY!

I'M STILL FORGING YOUR NAME ON THOSE SPECIAL HOTBLOOD #0 CERTIFICATES OF AUTHENTICITY FOR HOME VALUE NETWORK, MR HOTBLOOD!

NEVER MIND THAT. FIND MANPOWER! AND TURN DOWN THE STEAM IN HERE! WE'RE TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF COOKED CARROTS!

HEH! HEH! HEH! THAT WAS FUNNY, BOSS! YOU TELLING RABBIT BOY THAT WE WERE TURNING INTO A BUNCH OF COOKED CARROTS! YOU'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T BITE YOU IN THE NOSE! HEH! HEH!

SLAP

DE-KILL!

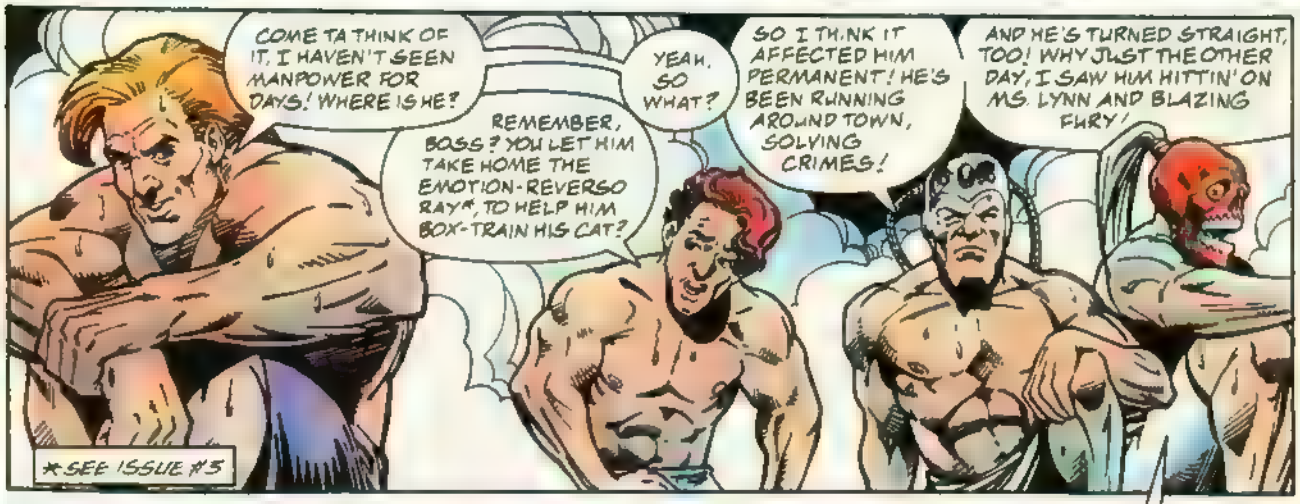
YEAH, BOSS?

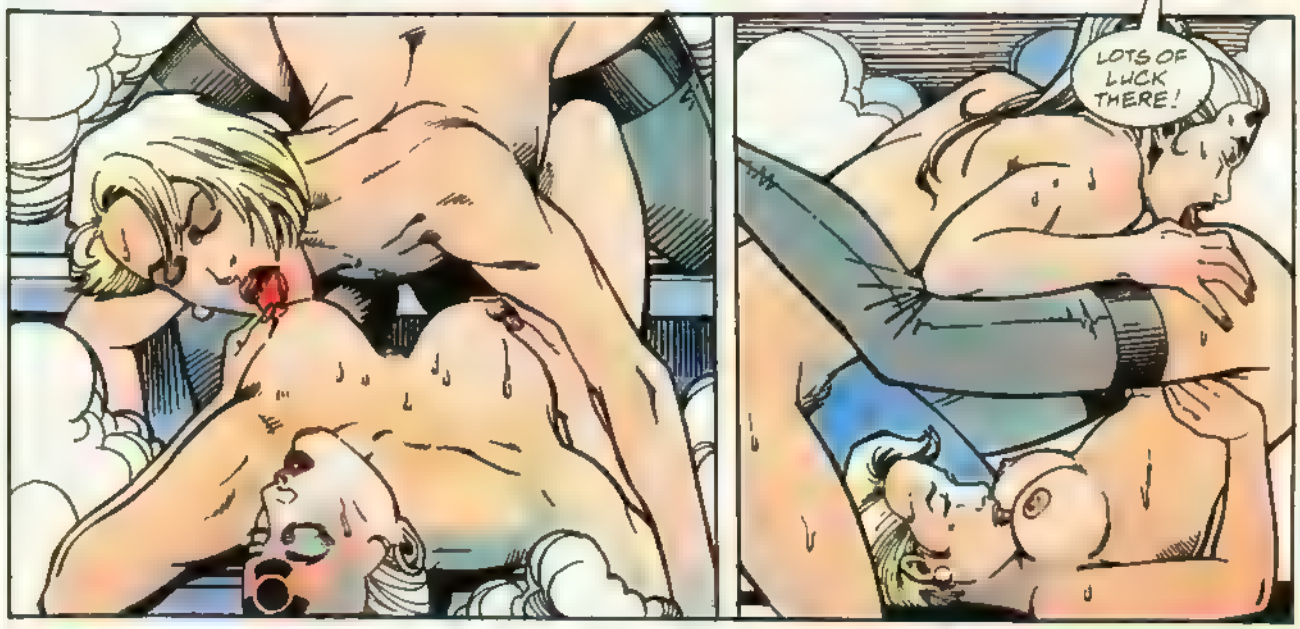
FIND EDGE AND SMACK HIM IN THE HEAD!

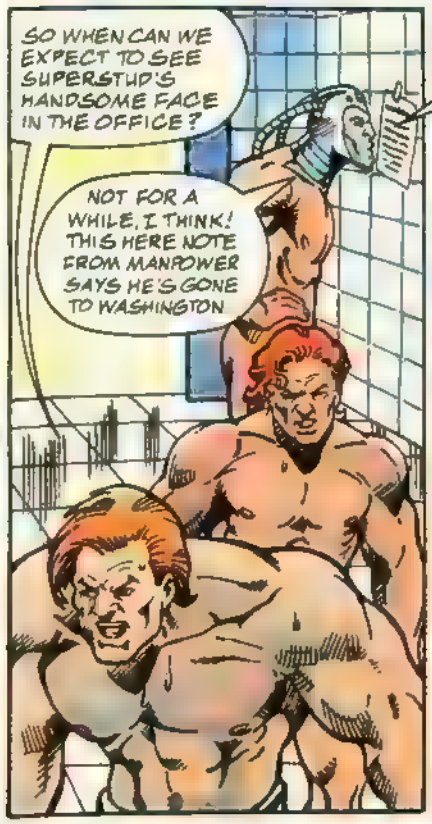
OKEE-DOKE!

WHACK

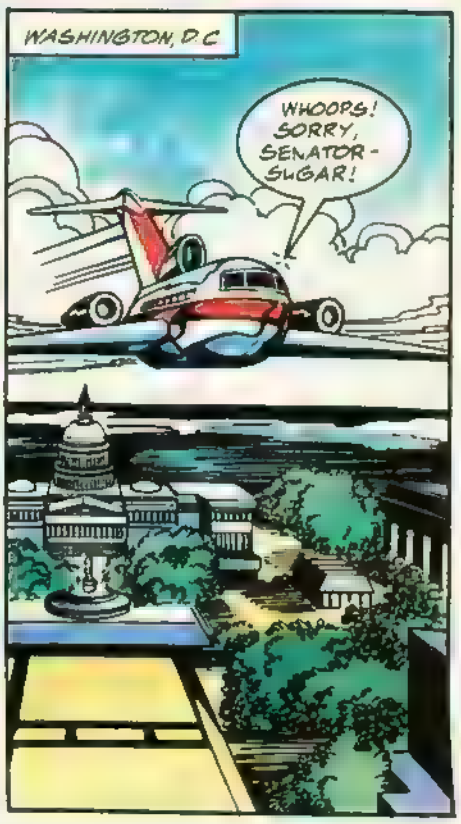
OWW!


COME TA THINK OF IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN MANPOWER FOR DAYS! WHERE IS HE?
REMEMBER, BOSS? YOU LET HIM TAKE HOME THE EMOTION-REVERSO RAY*, TO HELP HIM BOX-TRAIN HIS CAT?
YEAH, SO WHAT?
SO I THINK IT AFFECTED HIM PERMANENT! HE'S BEEN RUNNING AROUND TOWN, SOLVING CRIMES!
AND HE'S TURNED STRAIGHT, TOO! WHY JUST THE OTHER DAY, I SAW HIM HITTIN' ON MS. LYNN AND BLAZING FURY!
*SEE ISSUE #5


LOTS OF LUCK THERE!

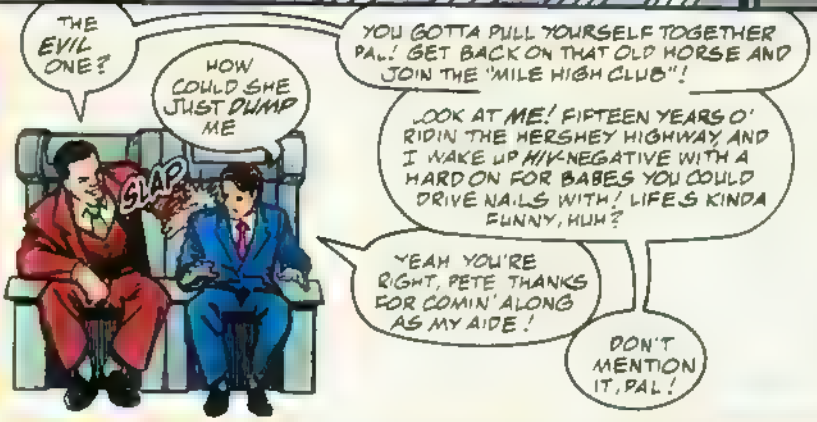

SO WHEN CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE SUPERSTUD'S HANDSOME FACE IN THE OFFICE?
NOT FOR A WHILE, I THINK! THIS HERE NOTE FROM MANPOWER SAYS HE'S GONE TO WASHINGTON

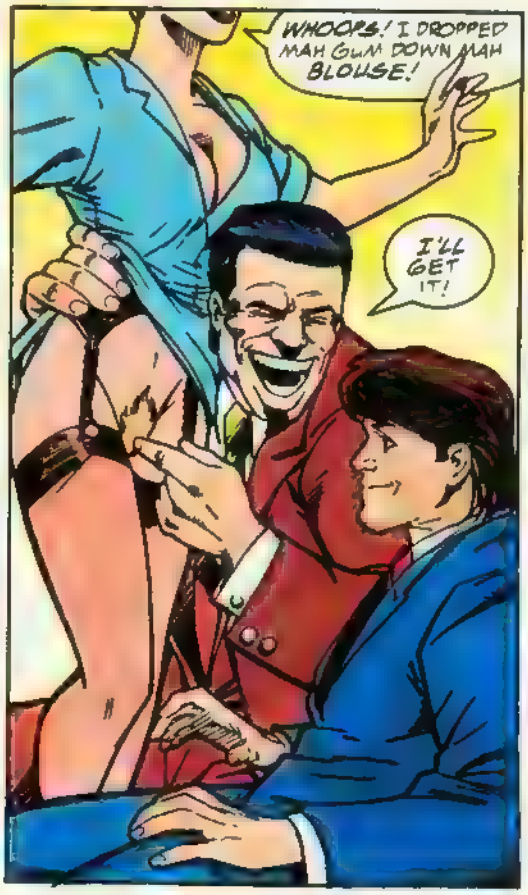
WITH YOUNG SENATOR ADVENTURE!
SOCKAMAGEE!
SENATOR? WHERE'S OUR CHECKS?


WASHINGTON, D.C.
WHOOPS! SORRY, SENATOR-SUGAR!

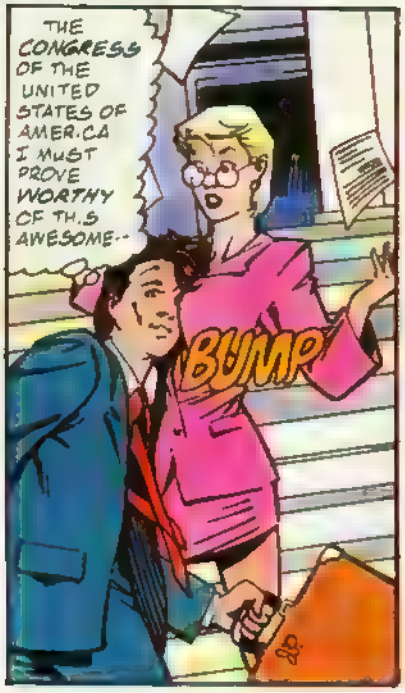
I SPILLED CHAMPAGNE ALL OVER BOTH OF US!
NOT TO WORRY BELLE! I'LL JUST LICK IT OFF! HA HA HA!
OH, M STAH PETER! YOU'RE SUCH A PANIC!
S THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, SENATOR?

ANYTHING AT ALL?
HEY, JOEY! TALK ABOUT THE FRIENDLY SKIES!
HUH? I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT--


THE EVIL ONE?
HOW COULD SHE JUST DUMP ME
SLAP
YOU GOTTA PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER PAL! GET BACK ON THAT OLD HORSE AND JOIN THE "MILE HIGH CLUB"!
LOOK AT ME! FIFTEEN YEARS O' RIDIN THE HERSHEY HIGHWAY AND I WAKE UP HIK NEGATIVE WITH A HARD ON FOR BABES YOU COULD DRIVE NAILS WITH! LIFE'S KINDA FUNNY, HUH?
YEAH YOU'RE RIGHT, PETE THANKS FOR COMIN' ALONG AS MY AIDE!
DON'T MENTION IT, PAL!

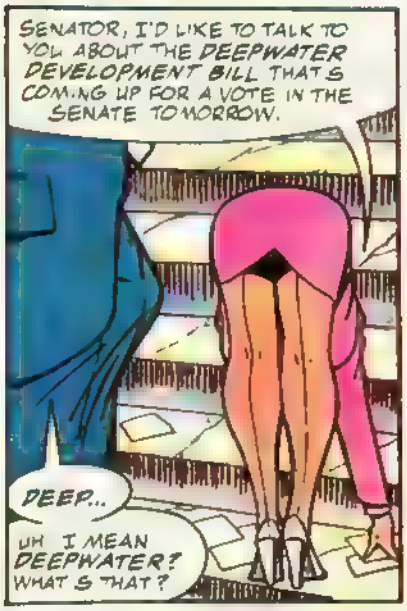

WHOOPS! I DROPPED MAH GUM DOWN MAH BLOUSE!
I'LL GET IT!

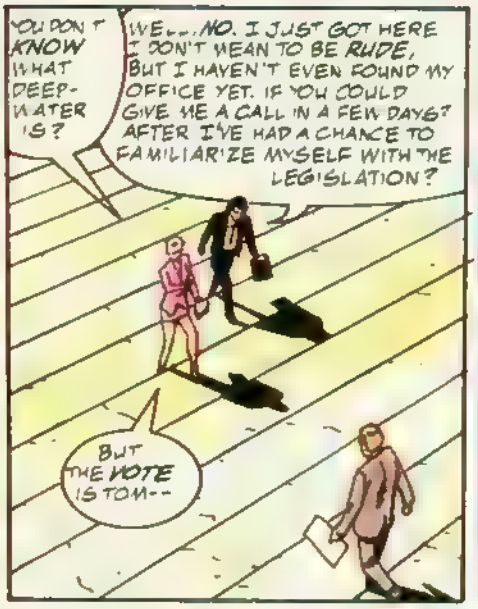
SOON, AT THE CAPITAL ...
GIVE ME A CALL WHEN YOU GET US AN APARTMENT!
WILL DO BOSS! HANG ON TIGHT, GIRLS!


THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA I MUST PROVE WORTHY OF THIS AWESOME--
BUMP

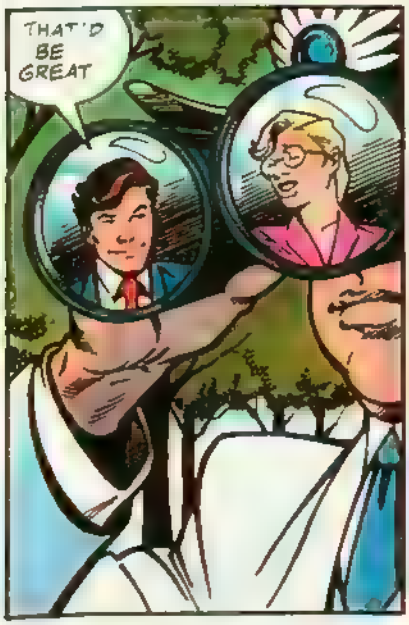
I'M SO SORRY! AREN'T YOU SENATOR PIKE?
I GUESS I AM

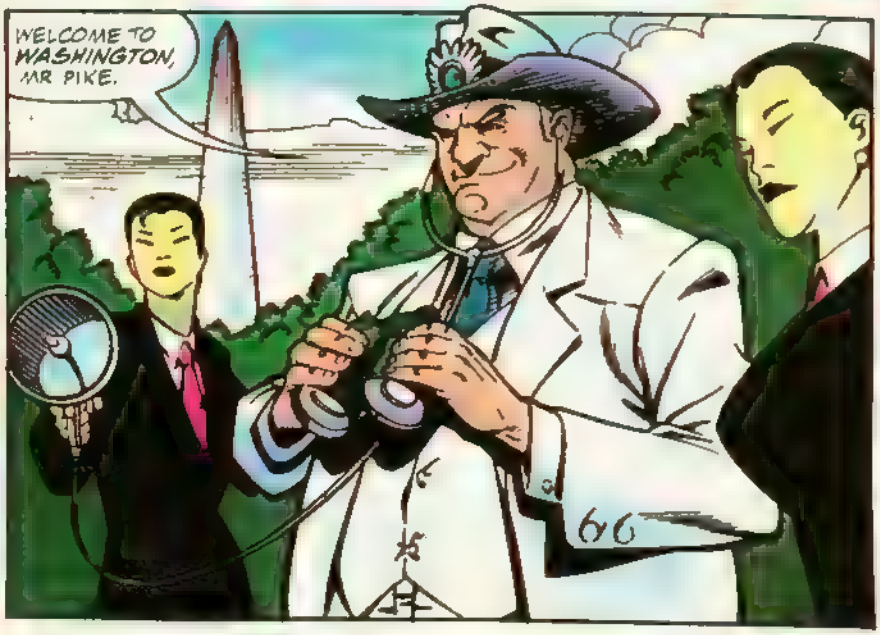
HI! I'M AQUILINE, AQUILINE HYDE-WHITE. I'M A REGISTERED LOBBYIST FOR THE PEOPLE PROTECTING DEEPWATER.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MISS HYDE-WHITE.


SENATOR, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT BILL THAT'S COMING UP FOR A VOTE IN THE SENATE TOMORROW.
DEEP...
UH I MEAN DEEPWATER? WHAT'S THAT?


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DEEPWATER IS?
WE...NO. I JUST GOT HERE I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN FOUND MY OFFICE YET. IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A CALL IN A FEW DAYS? AFTER I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH THE LEGISLATION?
BUT THE VOTE IS TOM--

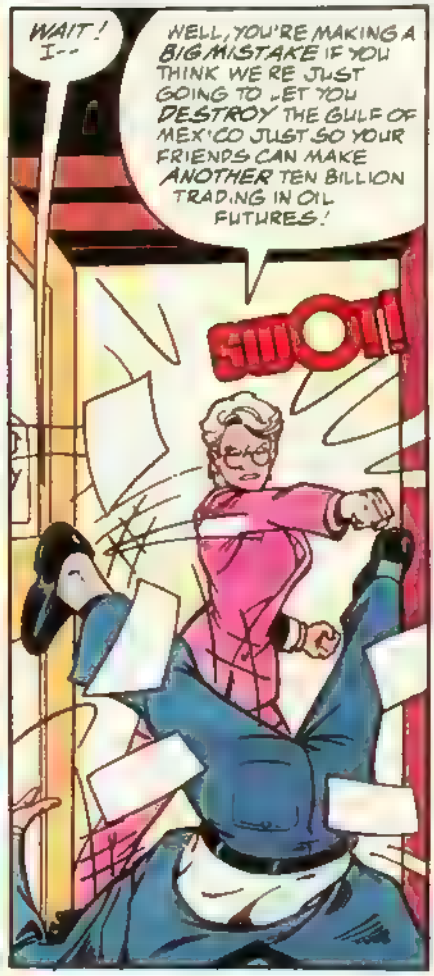
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT! I KNOW THE CAPITOL BUILDING PRETTY WELL! WHY DON'T I SHOW YOU AROUND, HELP YOU FIND YOUR OFFICE AND MAYBE I CAN GIVE YOU SOME OF THE BASIC DETAILS OF THE BILL?
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

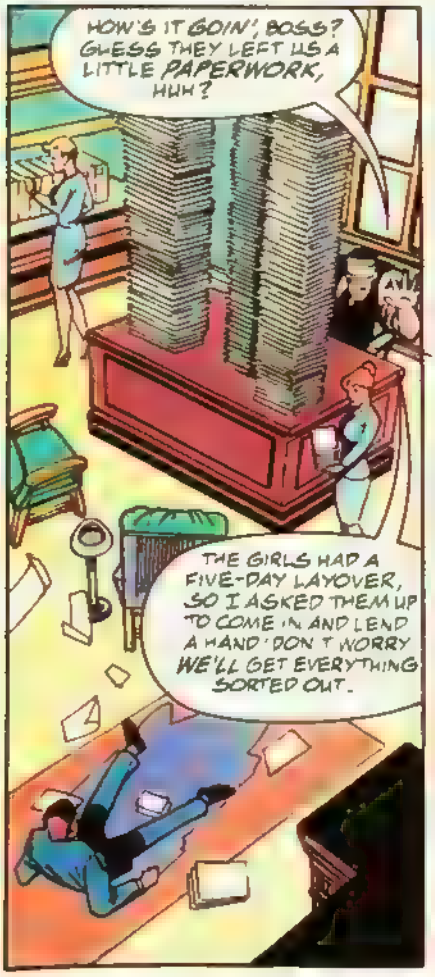

THAT'D BE GREAT

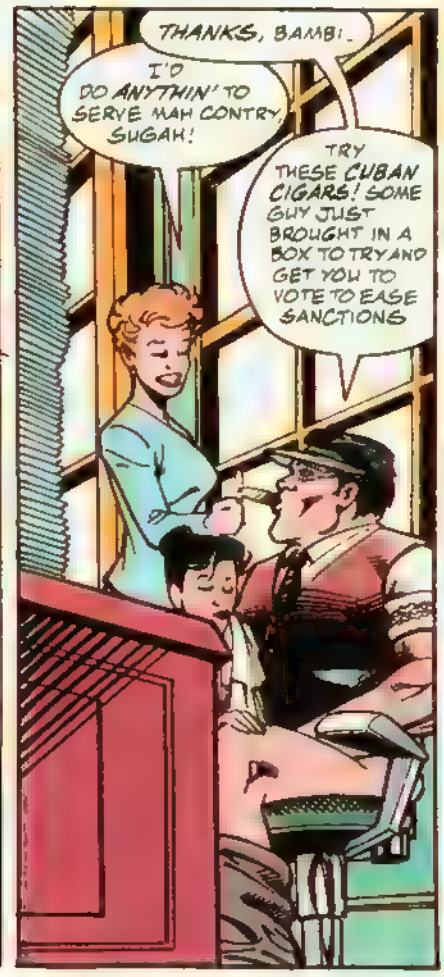

WELCOME TO WASHINGTON, MR PIKE.

WELL, I SURE THANK YOU FOR THE TOUR MISS HYDE-WHITE.
AND I HOPE YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT DEEPWATER!
I'LL CERTAINLY KEEP IT IN MIND!

YOU'LL "KEEP IT IN MIND"! I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE! OH, YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM, AREN'T YOU? A LITTLE CUTER, A LITTLE SLICKER, WITH THAT INNOCENT-COUNTRY-BOY ATTITUDE! BUT YOU'RE ALL THE SAME!
BUT--
PIKE, J. R-NY
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THE MAN FORMER SENATOR "SLEEZE" BLUTARSKI APPOINTED WOULD BE A GOOD COMPANY MAN!

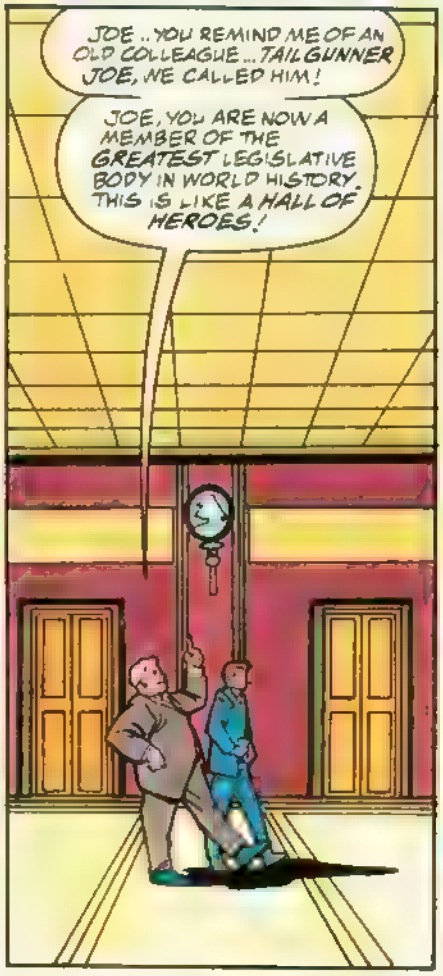

WAIT! I--
WELL, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE IF YOU THINK WE'RE JUST GOING TO LET YOU DESTROY THE GULF OF MEXICO JUST SO YOUR FRIENDS CAN MAKE ANOTHER TEN BILLION TRADING IN OIL FUTURES!
SWOT!


HOW'S IT GOIN', BOSS? GUESS THEY LEFT US A LITTLE PAPERWORK, HUH?
THE GIRLS HAD A FIVE-DAY LAYOVER, SO I ASKED THEM UP TO COME IN AND LEND A HAND. DON'T WORRY WE'LL GET EVERYTHING SORTED OUT.


THANKS, BAMBI.
I'D DO ANYTHIN' TO SERVE MAH CONTRY SUGAH!
TRY THESE CUBAN CIGARS! SOME GUY JUST BROUGHT IN A BOX TO TRY AND GET YOU TO VOTE TO EASE SANCTIONS

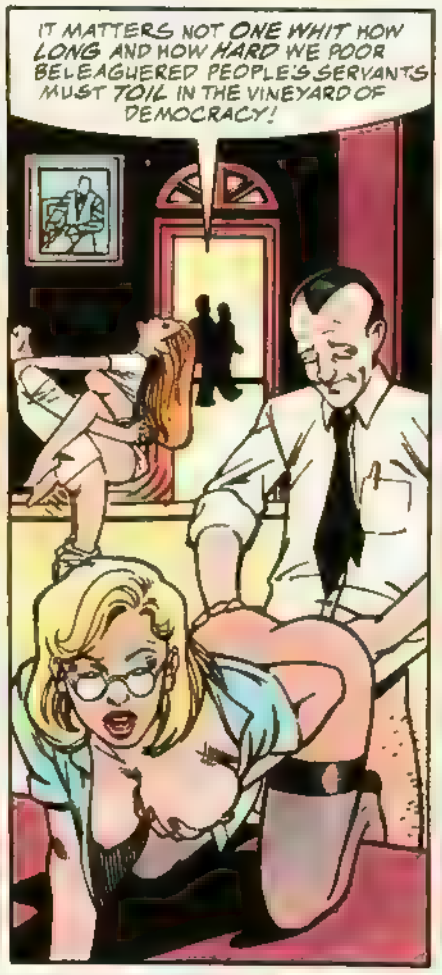
I TOLD HIM, "SURE, PAL!" WHAT A SUCKER, RIGHT?

AH! YOU MUST BE THE-AH NEW JUNIOR SENATAH FROM NEW YORK! WELCOME, SON! I'M SENATOR SIMPSON O'TOOLE CALL ME SIMP! LET ME GIVE YOU THE OH-FICIAL TOUR OF THE PREMIS-SEES!

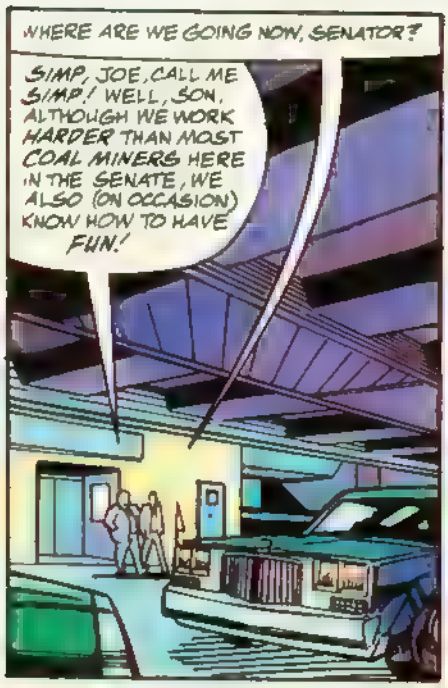

JOE .. YOU REMIND ME OF AN OLD COLLEAGUE ... TAILGUNNER JOE, WE CALLED HIM!
JOE, YOU ARE NOW A MEMBER OF THE GREATEST LEGISLATIVE BODY IN WORLD HISTORY. THIS IS LIKE A HALL OF HEROES!

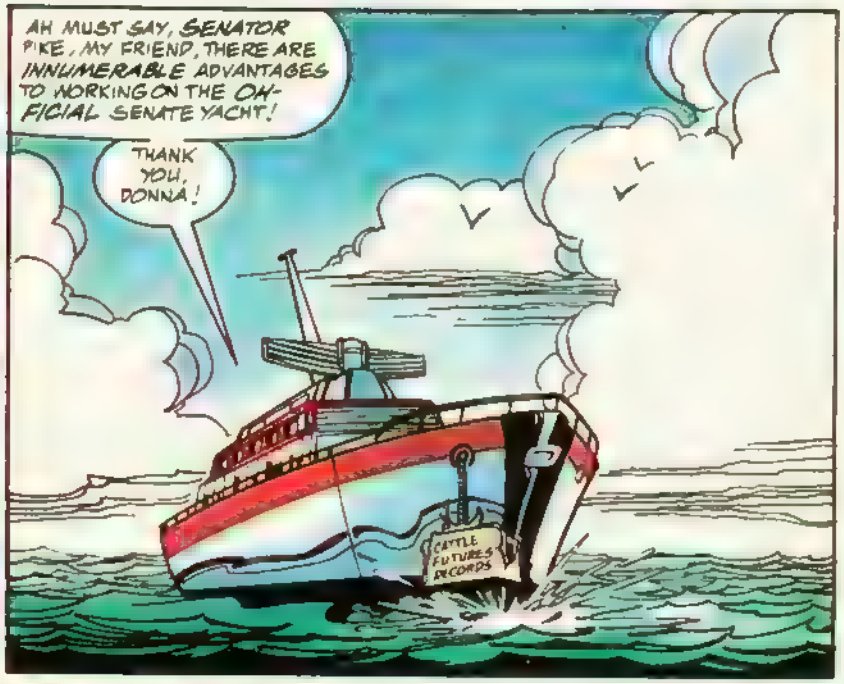
WHERE THE RESPONSIBLE, HARDWORKING AND PATRIOTIC REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GREAT PEOPLE OF THE GREATEST NATION ON EARTH...

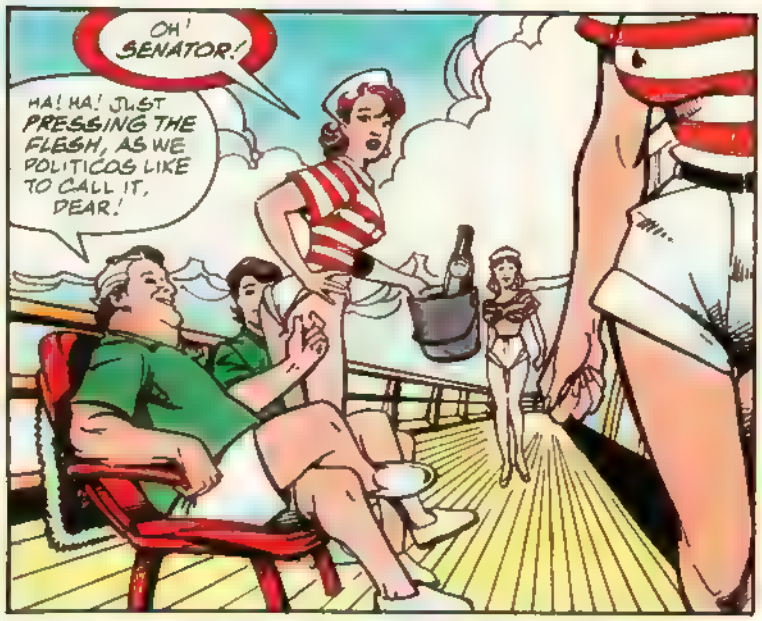
. ARE PRIVILEGED TO SERVE THEIR CONSTITUENCY ONLY THE HIGHEST STANDARDS APPLY!
HEY, ISN'T IT ILLEGAL TO HAVE AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD SENATOR?
WHO CARES?! DEAL THE FUCKIN' CARDS!

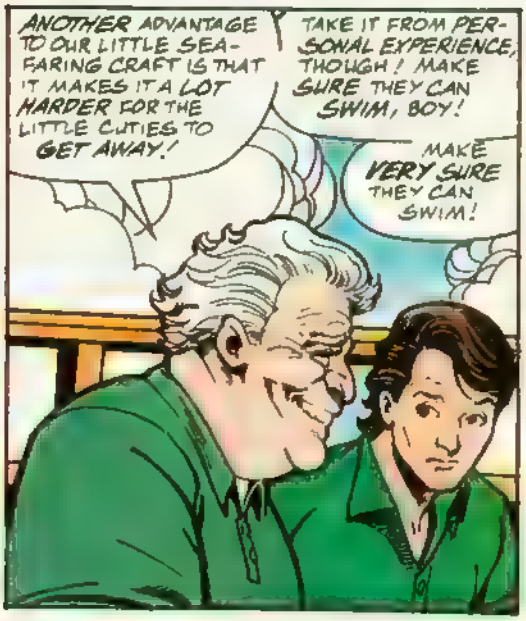

IT MATTERS NOT ONE WHIT HOW LONG AND HOW HARD WE POOR BELEAGUERED PEOPLE'S SERVANTS MUST TOIL IN THE VINEYARD OF DEMOCRACY!

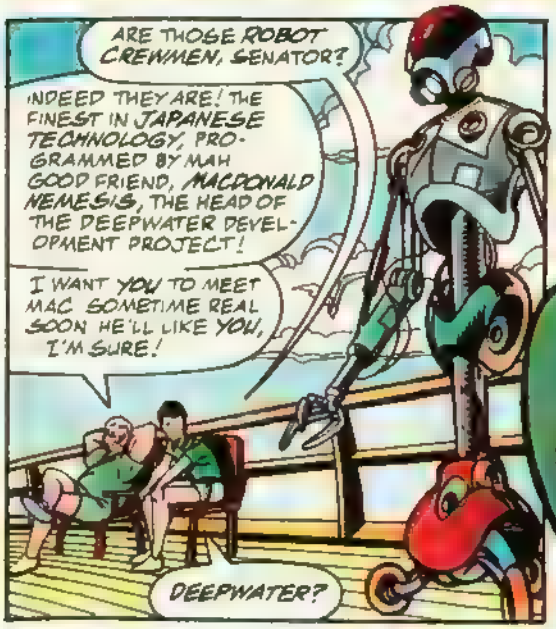
THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE BUSINESS OF AMERICA IS DONE HERE! RESPONSIBLE, PARSIMONIOUS BUDGETS ARE PREPARED AND THE WELFARE OF THE LITTLE GUY IS PUT PARAMOUNT IN THE CONCERNS OF THEIR VIRTUOUS GOD-FEARING, FAMILY-ORIENTED SENATORIAL REPRESENTATIVES!


WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, SENATOR?
SIMP, JOE, CALL ME SIMP! WELL, SON, ALTHOUGH WE WORK HARDER THAN MOST COAL MINERS HERE IN THE SENATE, WE ALSO (ON OCCASION) KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN!

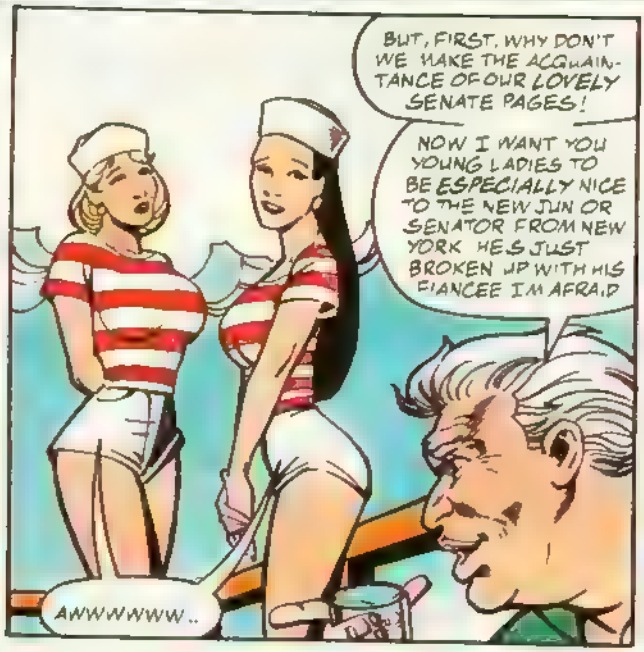

AH MUST SAY, SENATOR PIKE, MY FRIEND, THERE ARE INNUMERABLE ADVANTAGES TO WORKING ON THE OFFICIAL SENATE YACHT!
THANK YOU, DONNA!
CATTLE FUTURES RECORDS


OH! SENATOR!
HA! HA! JUST PRESSING THE FLESH, AS WE POLITICOS LIKE TO CALL IT, DEAR!

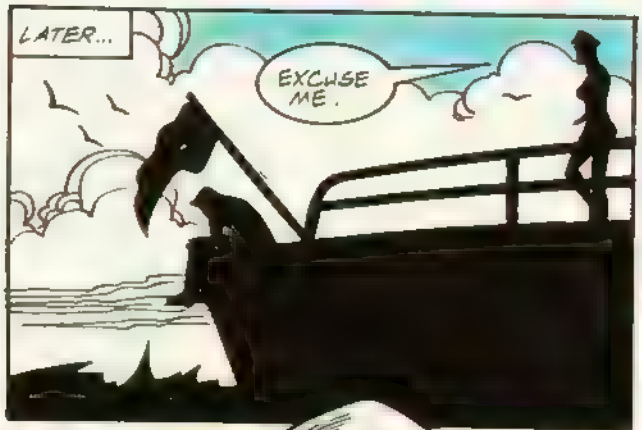

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE TO OUR LITTLE SEAFARING CRAFT IS THAT IT MAKES IT A LOT HARDER FOR THE LITTLE CUTIES TO GET AWAY!
TAKE IT FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, THOUGH! MAKE SURE THEY CAN SWIM, BOY!
MAKE VERY SURE THEY CAN SWIM!


ARE THOSE ROBOT CREWMEN, SENATOR?
INDEED THEY ARE! THE FINEST IN JAPANESE TECHNOLOGY, PROGRAMMED BY MAH GOOD FRIEND, MACDONALD NEMESIS, THE HEAD OF THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT PROJECT!
I WANT YOU TO MEET MAC SOMETIME REAL SOON HE'LL LIKE YOU, I'M SURE!
DEEPWATER?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON. AND I JUST WANT TO REMIND YOU HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO OUR CONSTITUENTS TO DEVELOP OUR OFFSHORE RESOURCES. NATURALLY, WE FAVOR THE DEEPWATER DEVELOPMENT PROJECT.
I'M SURE WE CAN COUNT ON YOUR SUPPORT IN TOMORROW'S VOTE, OF COURSE!


BUT, FIRST, WHY DON'T WE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF OUR LOVELY SENATE PAGES!
NOW I WANT YOU YOUNG LADIES TO BE ESPECIALLY NICE TO THE NEW JUNIOR SENATOR FROM NEW YORK. HE'S JUST BROKEN UP WITH HIS FIANCEE I'M AFRAID
AWWWWWW..

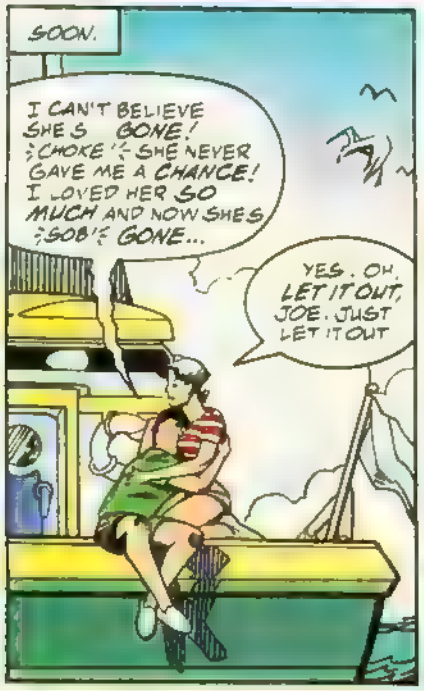
EXCUSE ME... SIMPLADIES. I DON'T REALLY FEEL MUCH LIKE COMPANY NOW
AWWWWWW

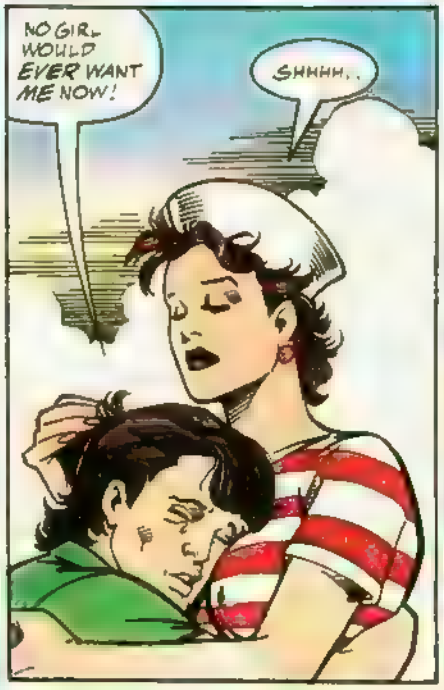

LATER...
EXCUSE ME.

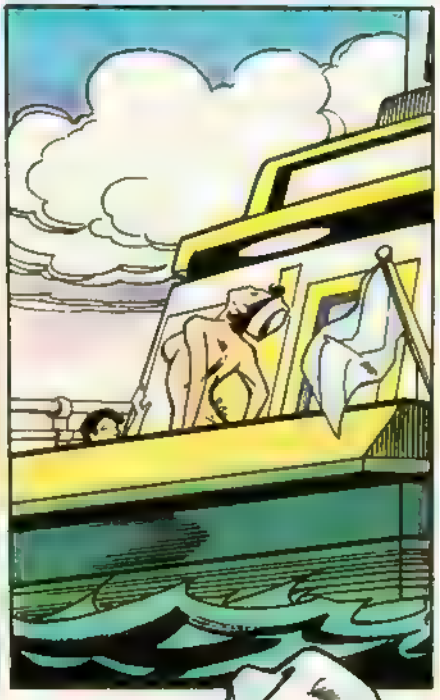
HUH?

EMILY?
I'M ELLEN FRANK, I'M ONE OF THE SENATOR'S AIDES. I KNOW YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE ALONE..

BUT I JUST BROKE UP W TH MY BOYFRIEND RECENTLY, AND I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I'M HERE AND I WANT TO HELP YOU ANY WAY I CAN.


SOON.
I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S GONE! ;CHOKE'; SHE NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE! I LOVED HER SO MUCH AND NOW SHE'S ;SOB'; GONE...
YES. OH, LET IT OUT, JOE. JUST LET IT OUT


NO GIRL WOULD EVER WANT ME NOW!
SHHHH..

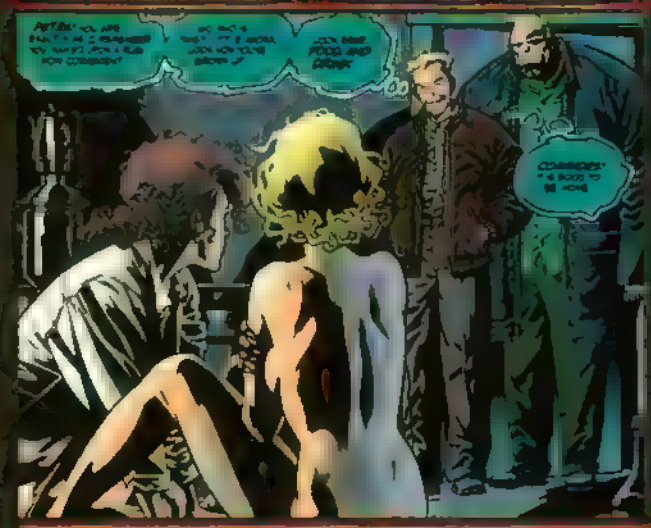


LADIES..
AH DO BELIEVE THE SENATOR HAS CHANGED HIS POSITION ON OFFSHORE DRILLIN'!
NEXT TIME: DEEP COVER!

SCION

EPISODE 5: THE PAST

RUSSIA, 1994:
In the 1960's and 70's, the KGB created a group of fifty superhuman children, codenamed SCION. After the fall of Communism, the Scion were scattered, most of them still unaware of their superhuman abilities, since sex between two scion is the trigger that activates their powers. Recently, a mysterious ex-KGB officer known as THE COMMISSAR dispatched THE HUNTERS, his own group of elite soldiers and assassins, across Russia to eliminate the Scion.



Thus far, we have met four of the Scion:
PETRA—A shopeshifter who has been seeking out her fellow Scion. The first one she contacted and had sex with was
ANDRA—A former street prostitute from Minsk, who wields vast telekenetic powers who depises...
RASPUTIN—Petra's oldest friend, a mute with the power to control minds. Rasputin is always closely followed by ...
THE GREAT BEAR—A monstrous mutant Scion with superhuman strength who has shown a growing obbsession with Andra.

In addition, we have been introduced to SARGENT SASHA KIROV and his sister, LIEUTENANT NATASHA KIROV, the Commisar's closest aides and bodyguards. They arrived with the Commissar and his elite Hunter Task Force at Petra's hideout, an abandoned bomb shelter in Belarus. After a brief battle, during which the Commissar saw Andra's powers demonstrated for the first time, three of the Scion: Andra, Bear, and Rasputin, were captured alive and taken to the Commissar's Headquarters in Moscow.

CREATED BY: Grzegorzo E. Nowlan WRITERS: Grzegorzo & Thornton
PENCILS: Russ Heath INKS: Kevin Nowlan LETTERS: Delepine COLORS: Kindziersid

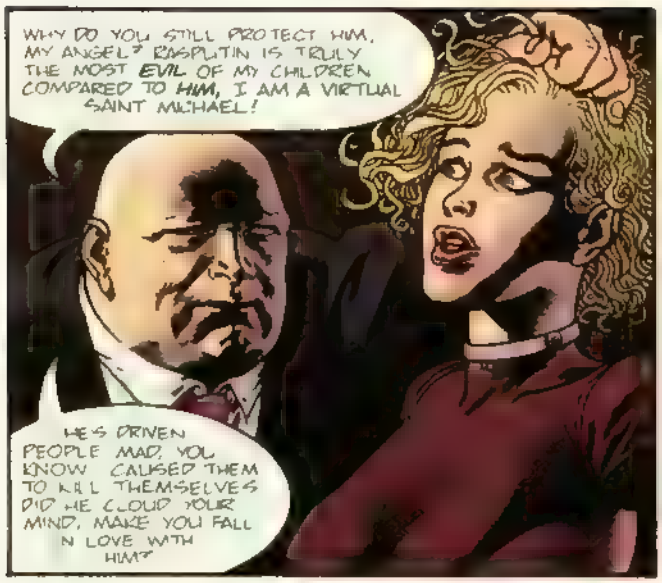
LUBIANKA PRISON, MOSCOW, SUB-BASEMENT LEVEL FIVE.

ANDRA THIS IS SO UNNECESSARY WHY DO YOU RESIST ME WHEN ALL I WANT TO DO IS BE YOUR FRIEND?

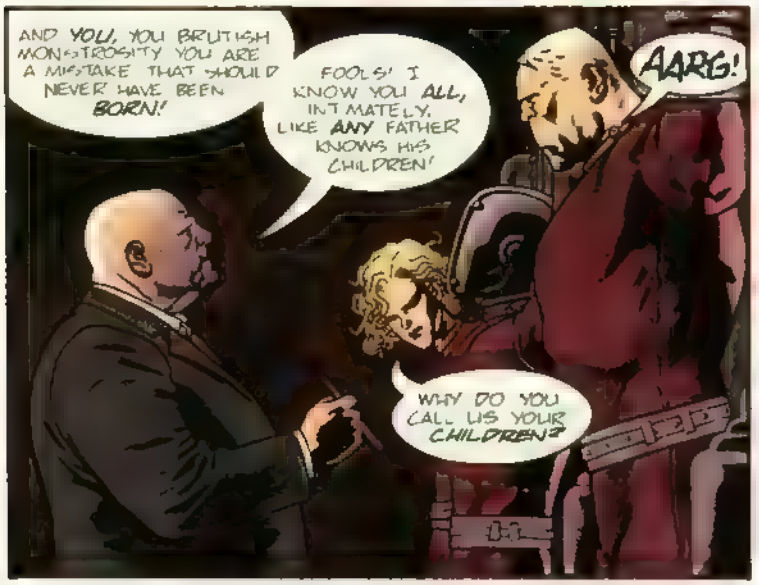
HE'S SWITCHED THE AUDIO MONITOR OFF! IN ALL THE MONTHS OF HUNTING SCION, WE'VE CARRIED OUT HIS ORDERS TO THE *LETTER!*

WHY DOESN'T HE WANT US INVOLVED IN THIS INTERROGATION?

PERHAPS **THE COMMISSAR** HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE PERHAPS HE HAS HIDDEN THINGS FROM US ALL ALONG


WHY DO YOU STILL PROTECT HIM, MY ANGEL? RASPUTIN IS TRULY THE MOST EVIL OF MY CHILDREN COMPARED TO HIM, I AM A VIRTUAL SAINT MICHAEL!
HE'S DRIVEN PEOPLE MAD, YOU KNOW. CAUSED THEM TO KILL THEMSELVES. DID HE CLOUD YOUR MIND, MAKE YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM?

THERE IS NO SHAME IN THAT. RASPUTIN HAS TEN THOUSAND ABANDONED LOVERS. MANY WILL NEVER GET OVER HIM.
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD FOOL ME, BOY? YOU THOUGHT THAT I WAS JUST ANOTHER THICK-SKINNED RUSSIAN ARMY OFFICER OR BUREAUCRAT THAT YOU HAD EVADED ALL THESE YEARS?


AND YOU, YOU BRUTISH MONSTROSITY YOU ARE A MISTAKE THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN BORN!
FOOLS! I KNOW YOU ALL, INTIMATELY, LIKE ANY FATHER KNOWS HIS CHILDREN!
AARG!
WHY DO YOU CALL US YOUR CHILDREN?

SHALL I TELL YOU A STORY, LITTLE ONE? YES, THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE WHOLE TRUTH

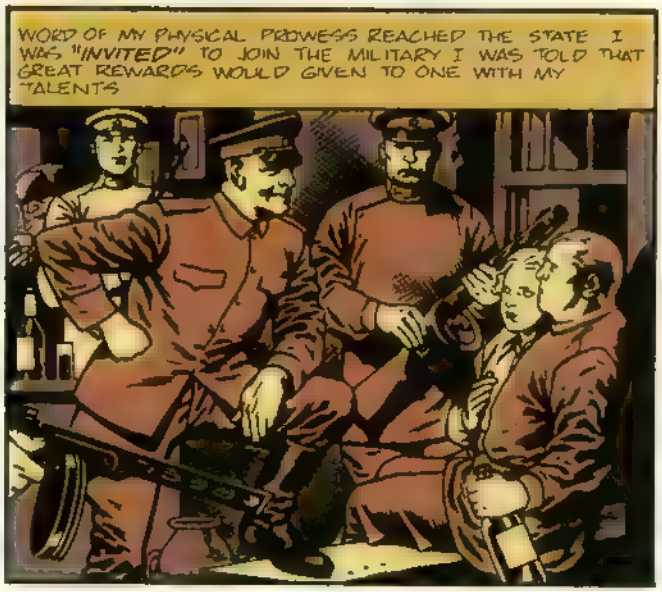
TAKE THIS, FOR EXAMPLE
NO! IT CANNOT BE!
BEEP BEEP BEEP

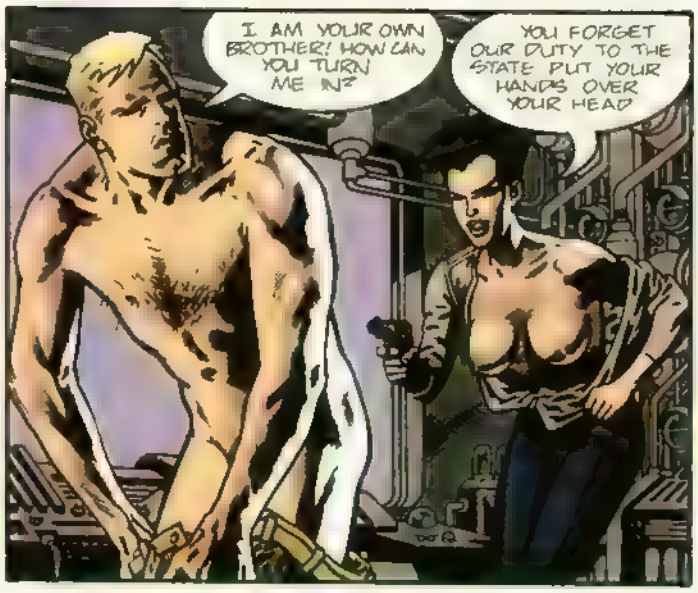
THE SCANNER DOES NOT LIE. YOU ARE SCION AND AS WE BOTH KNOW THE STANDING ORDER FOR SCION
TURN AROUND AND TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES

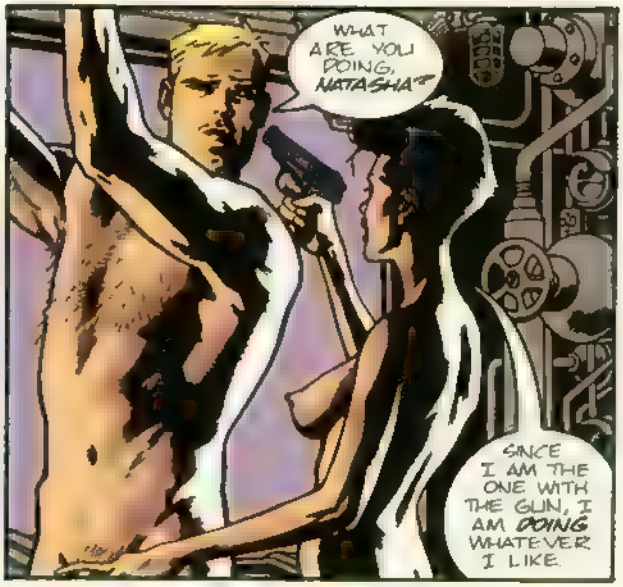
I GREW UP IN A NAZI CONCENTRATATION CAMP IN THE UKRAINE. I WAS PART OF THE CAMP'S EUGENIC'S EXPERIMENTS. OF THOUSANDS TESTED, I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR

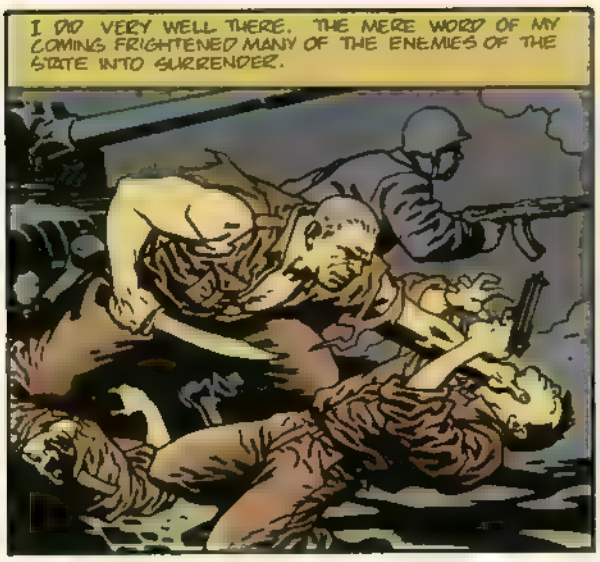
SOME QUIRK OF MY GENETICS MADE ME FREAKISHLY STRONG. AFTER THE WAR, I SETTLED IN A SMALL COLLECTIVE I STARTED OUT AS A COMMON LABORER

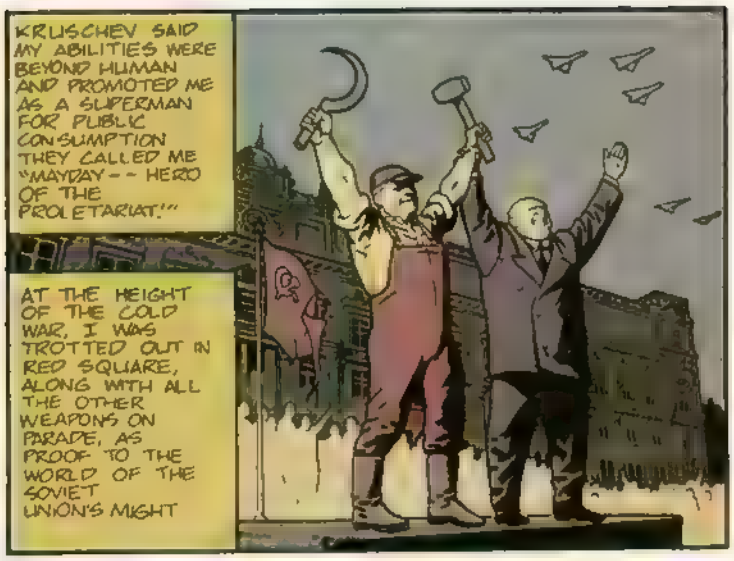
BUT I WAS A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH GOOD WITH WOMEN DISRESPECTFUL OF AUTHORITY. I SOON ROSE TO A POSITION OF POWER IN THE VILLAGE


WORD OF MY PHYSICAL PROWESS REACHED THE STATE. I WAS "INVITED" TO JOIN THE MILITARY. I WAS TOLD THAT GREAT REWARDS WOULD GIVEN TO ONE WITH MY TALENTS


I AM YOUR OWN BROTHER! HOW CAN YOU TURN ME IN?
YOU FORGET OUR DUTY TO THE STATE. PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD


WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NATASHA?
SINCE I AM THE ONE WITH THE GUN, I AM DOING WHATEVER I LIKE.

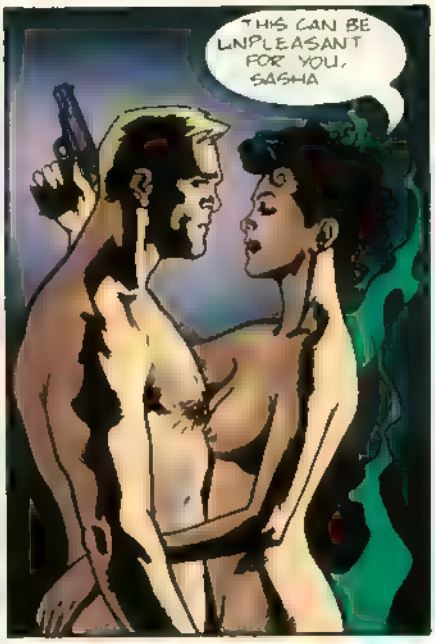

I DID VERY WELL THERE. THE MERE WORD OF MY COMING FRIGHTENED MANY OF THE ENEMIES OF THE STATE INTO SURRENDER.


KRUSCHEV SAID MY ABILITIES WERE BEYOND HUMAN AND PROMOTED ME AS A SUPERMAN FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION THEY CALLED ME "MAYDAY -- HERO OF THE PROLETARIAT!"
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE COLD WAR, I WAS TROTTED OUT IN RED SQUARE, ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER WEAPONS ON PARADE, AS PROOF TO THE WORLD OF THE SOVIET UNION'S MIGHT

"MAYDAY"! SUCH FOOLISHNESS, AY? THANK LENIN I ONLY HAD TO WEAR THAT IDIOTIC COSTUME ONCE
WHEN BREZHNEV CAME TO POWER, ALL THAT CHANGED HE WANTED MORE SUPERHUMANS

I LIKED BREZHNEV AN EMINENTLY PRACTICAL MAN. HE ALWAYS CO-OPTED HIS POTENTIAL ENEMIES, SINCE I WAS TOO VALUABLE TO KILL, I WAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF PERSONALLY CREATING THE NEXT GENERATION OF SUPERMEN MY WORK WAS CARRIED OUT IN SECRET, THERE WERE NO PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF FOOLISHNESS

THIS IS AN ABOMIN-ATION!
IS IT? TELL ME THAT OUR BODIES ARE NOT EQUALLY BEAUTIFUL... A PERFECT FIT

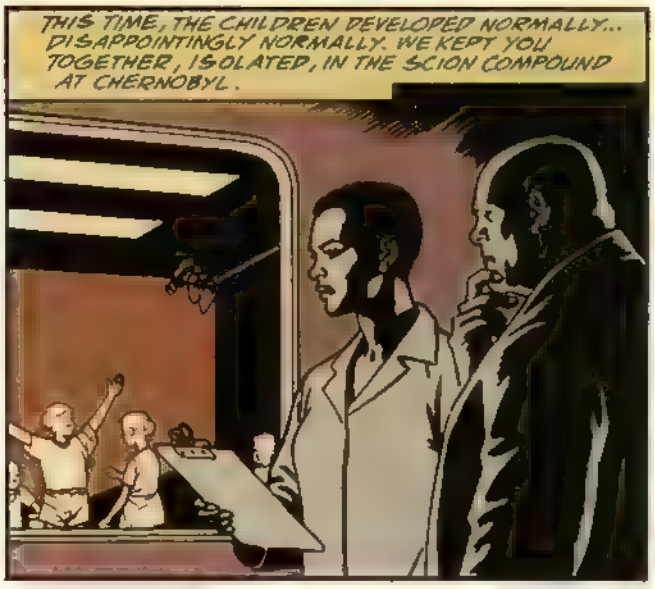

THIS CAN BE UNPLEASANT FOR YOU, SASHA

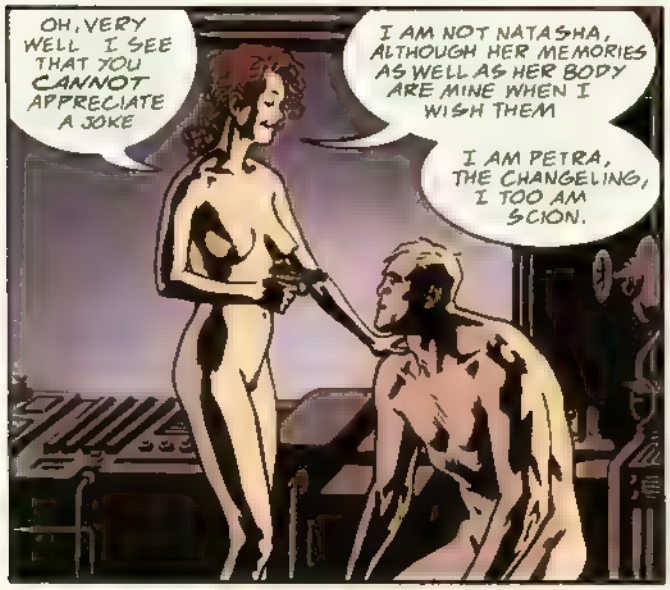
OR IT CAN BE VERY PLEASURABLE FOR BOTH OF US

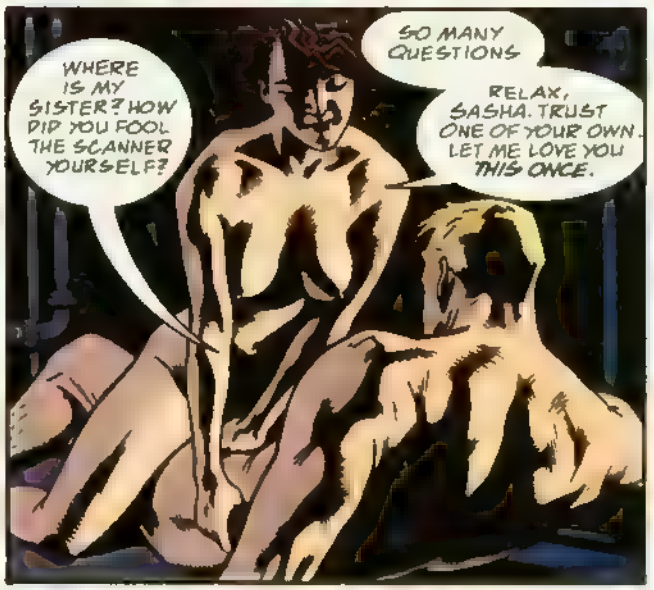
ALL OVER RUSSIA, YOUNG WOMEN WERE TESTED TO BECOME CANDIDATES FOR THIS HONOR. THEY WERE CHOSEN FOR THEIR ESP POTENTIAL. AND SINCE I WAS CALLED UPON TO PERFORM PRODIGIOUS SERVICE TO THE STATE IN THIS AREA, I MADE SURE THAT THEY WERE ALSO CHOSEN FOR THEIR OTHER USEFUL TRAITS

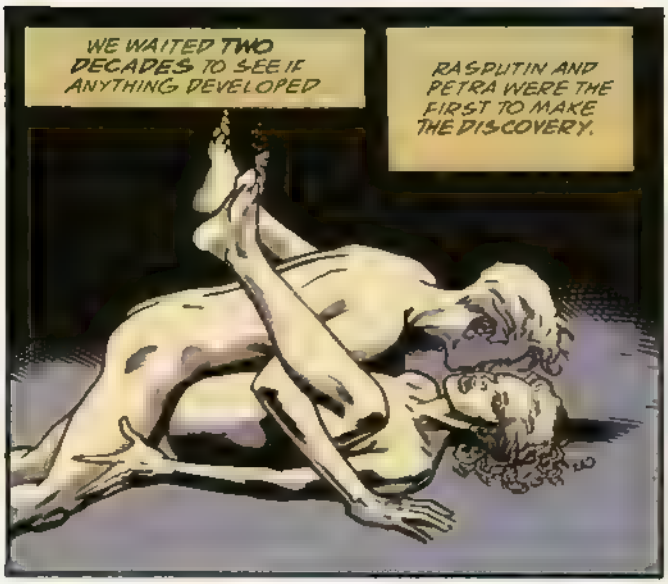
REGRETFULLY, THE "NATURAL" METHOD, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I MIGHT PREFER IT, YIELDED FLAWED RESULTS... HORRIBLY DEFORMED MONSTERS..
WITNESS THE BEAR. SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT

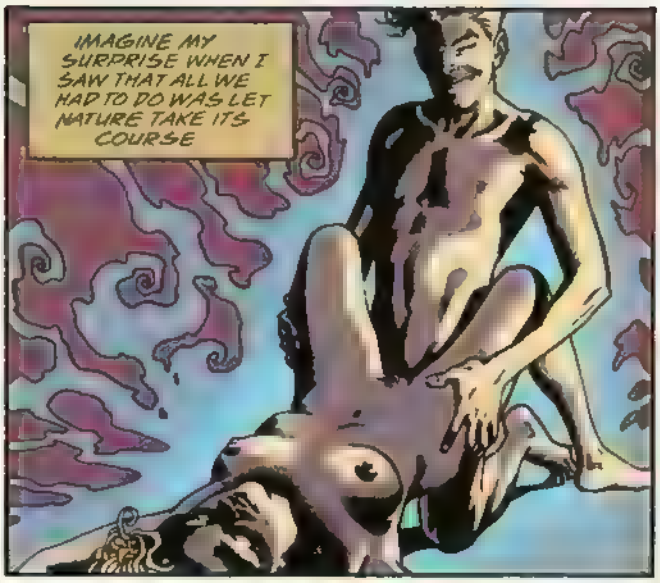
WE REFINED THE PROCESS. MY GENETIC MATERIAL WAS ISOLATED AND PURIFIED. IT WAS INJECTED INTO SELECTIVELY CROSS-BRED FETUSES AND ENHANCED WITH RADIATION AND CHEMOTHERAPY.

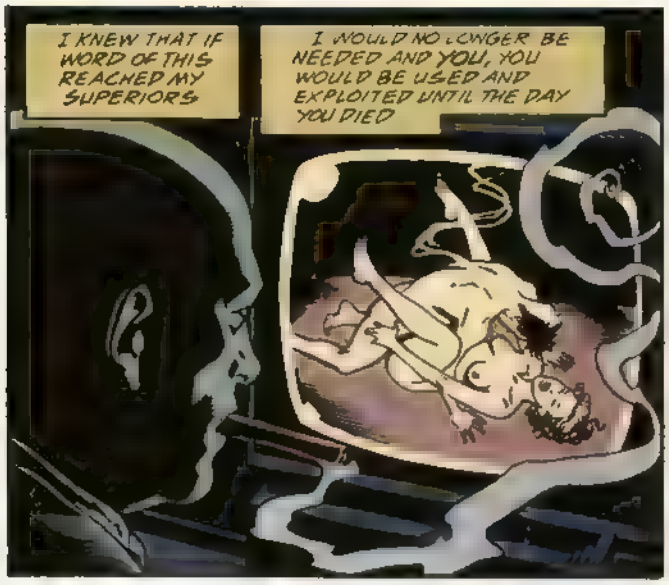

THIS TIME, THE CHILDREN DEVELOPED NORMALLY... DISAPPOINTINGLY NORMALLY. WE KEPT YOU TOGETHER, ISOLATED, IN THE SCION COMPOUND AT CHERNOBYL.


OH, VERY WELL. I SEE THAT YOU CANNOT APPRECIATE A JOKE
I AM NOT NATASHA, ALTHOUGH HER MEMORIES AS WELL AS HER BODY ARE MINE WHEN I WISH THEM
I AM PETRA, THE CHANGELING, I TOO AM SCION.

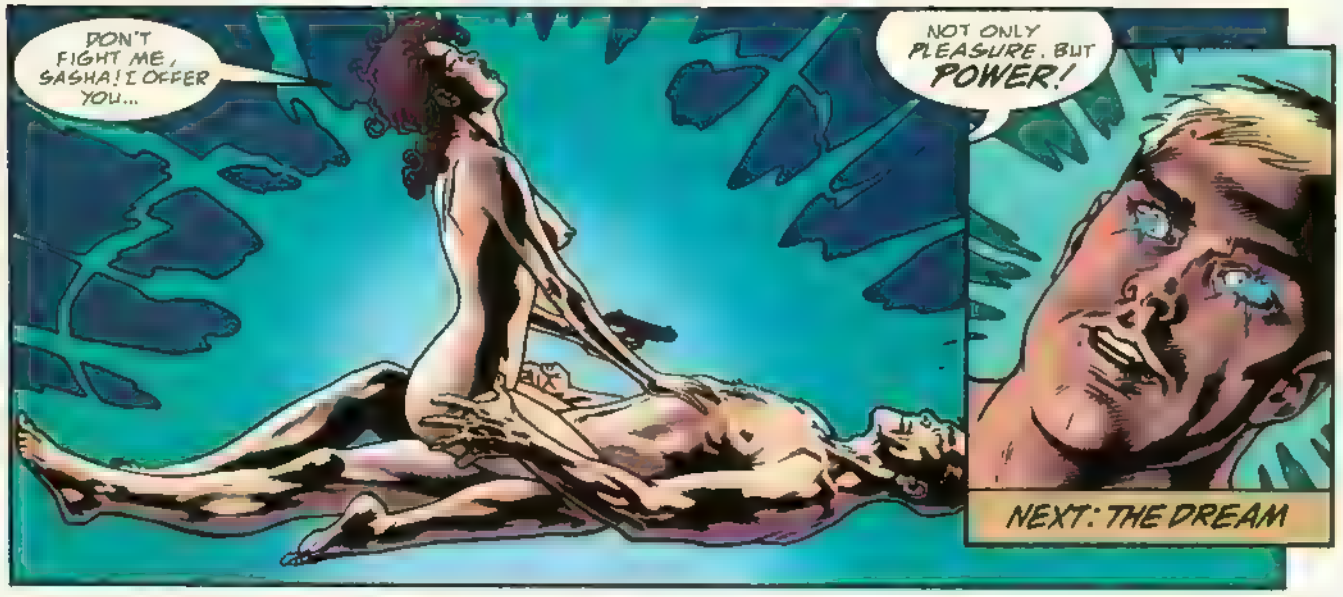

WHERE IS MY SISTER? HOW DID YOU FOOL THE SCANNER YOURSELF?
SO MANY QUESTIONS
RELAX, SASHA. TRUST ONE OF YOUR OWN. LET ME LOVE YOU THIS ONCE.


WE WAITED TWO DECADES TO SEE IF ANYTHING DEVELOPED
RASPUTIN AND PETRA WERE THE FIRST TO MAKE THE DISCOVERY.


IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I SAW THAT ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE


I KNEW THAT IF WORD OF THIS REACHED MY SUPERIORS
I WOULD NO LONGER BE NEEDED AND YOU, YOU WOULD BE USED AND EXPLOITED UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIED

AND SO I PROTECTED YOU. I SCATTERED YOU TO THE FOUR WINDS WITH ULTRA-HYPNOTIC CONDITIONING SO THAT YOU WOULD REMEMBER NOTHING OF YOUR SPECIAL HERITAGE
BUT NOW THAT WE ARE REUNITED, MY CHILD, NOW THAT I HAVE SEEN HOW POWERFUL YOU REALLY ARE..
...TOGETHER WE CAN ACCOMPLISH EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DREAMED OF...


DON'T FIGHT ME, SASHA! I OFFER YOU...
NOT ONLY PLEASURE, BUT POWER!
NEXT: THE DREAM

ONE MAN'S OPINION

MAN OF STEEL WOMAN OF KLEENEX*

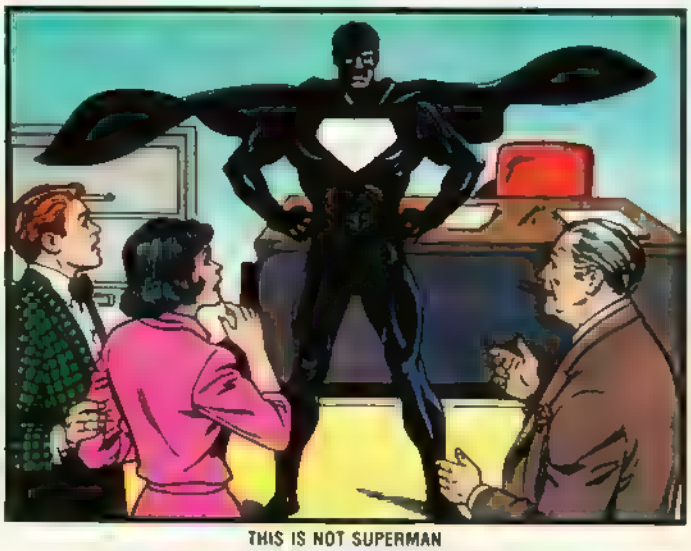
BY LARRY NIVEN
(Illustrated by Curt Swan)

At the ripe old age of forty [1], Kal-El (alias Superman, alias Clark Kent) is still unmarried. Almost certainly he is still a virgin. This is a serious matter. The species itself is in danger!

An unwed Superman is a mobile Superman. Thus it has been alleged that those who chronicle the Man of Steel's adventures are responsible for his condition. But the cartoonists are not to blame.

Nor is Superman handicapped by psychological problems.

Granted that the poor oaf is not entirely sane. How could he be? He is an orphan, a refugee, and an alien. His homeland no longer exists in any form, save for gigatons of dangerous, prettily colored rocks.



THIS IS NOT SUPERMAN
*SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS AND THIS AIN'T HIM

As a child and a young adult, Kal-El must have been hard put to find an adequate father-figure. What human could control his antisocial behavior. What human would dare to try to punish him? His actual, highly social behavior during this period indicates an inhuman self-restraint.

What wonder if Superman drifted gradually into schizophrenia? Torn between his human and kryptonian identities, he chose to be both, keeping his split personalities rigidly separate. A psychotic desperation is evident in his defense of his "secret identity."

But Superman's sex problems are strictly physiological, and quite real.

The purpose of this article is to point out some medical drawbacks to being a kryptonian among human beings, and to suggest some possible solutions. The kryptonian humanoid must not be allowed to go the way of the pterodactyl and the passenger pigeon.

What turns on a kryptonian?

Superman is an alien, an extraterrestrial. His humanoid frame is doubtless the result of parallel evolution, as the marsupials of Australia resemble their mammalian counterparts. A specific niche in the ecology calls for a certain shape, a certain, size, certain capabilities, certain eating habits.

Be not deceived by appearances. Superman is no relative of homo sapiens.

What arouses Kal-El's mating urge? Did kryptonian women carry some subtle mating cue at appropriate times of the year? Whatever it is, Lois Lane probably doesn't have it. We may speculate that she smells wrong, less like a kryptonian woman than like a terrestrial monkey. A mating between Superman and Lois Lane would feel like sodomy - and would be, of course, by church and common law.

Assume a mating between Superman and a human woman, designated LL for convenience.

Either Superman has gone completely schizo and believes himself to be Clark Kent; or he knows what he's doing, but no longer gives a damn. Forty years is a long time. For Superman it has been even longer. He has X-ray vision; he knows exactly what he's missing[2].

The problem is this. Electroencephalograms

* ©1978 LARRY NIVEN

[1] Superman first appeared in *Action Comics*, June 1938.

This essay was first published in 1978. (Now, thanks to "Zero Hour," all history at DC Comics has been thrown out — again. This time it'll be perfect and they'll never do it again — yeah — this time for sure.) —GKC

[2] One should not think of Superman as a Peeping Tom. A biological ability must be used. As a child Superman may never have known that things had surfaces unless he learned to suppress his X-ray vision. If millions of people tend shamelessly to wear clothing with no lead in the weave, that is hardly Superman's fault.

taken of men and women during sexual intercourse show that the orgasm resembles "a kind of pleasurable epileptic attack." One loses control over one's muscles.

Superman has been known to leave his fingerprints in steel and in hardened concrete, accidentally. What would he do to the woman in his arms during what amounts to an epileptic fit?

III

Consider the driving urge between a man and a woman, the monomaniacal urge to achieve greater and greater penetration. Remember also that we are dealing with kryptonian muscles.

Superman would literally crush LL's body in his arms, while simultaneously ripping her open from crotch to sternum, gutting her like a trout.

IV

Lastly, he'd blow off the top of her head.

Ejaculation of semen is entirely involuntary in the human male, and in all other forms of terrestrial life. It would be unreasonable to assume otherwise for a kryptonian. But with kryptonian muscles behind it, Kal-El's semen would emerge with the muzzle velocity of a machine gun bullet[3].

.. AND THIS IS ABSOLUTELY NOT SUPERMAN. WHY NOT? BECAUSE SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS

In view of the foregoing, normal sex is impossible between LL and Superman.

Artificial insemination may give us better results.

V

First we must collect the semen. The globules will emerge at transsonic speeds. Superman must first ejaculate, then fly frantically after the stuff to catch it in a test tube. We assume that he is on the Moon, both for privacy and to prevent the semen from exploding into vapor on hitting air at such speeds.

He can catch the semen, of course, before it evaporates in vacuum. He's faster than a speeding bullet.

But can he keep it?

All known forms of kryptonian life have super powers. The same must hold true of living kryptonian sperm. We may reasonably assume that kryptonian sperm are vulnerable only to starvation and to green kryptonite; that they can travel with equal ease through water, air, vacuum, glass, brick, boiling steel, solid steel, liquid helium, or the core of a star; and that they are capable of translight velocities.

What kind of a test tube will hold such beasties?

Kryptonian sperm and their unusual powers will give us further trouble. For the moment we will assume (because we must) that they tend to stay in the seminal fluid, which tends to stay in a simple glass tube. Thus Superman and LL can perform artificial insemination.

At least there will be another generation of kryptonians.

Or will there?

VI

A ripened but unfertilized egg leaves LL's ovary, begins its voyage down her Fallopian tube.

Some time later, tens of millions of sperm, released from a test tube, begin their own voyage up LL's Fallopian tube.

The magic moment approaches...

Can human breed with kryptonian? Do we even use the same genetic code? On the face of it, LL could more easily breed with an ear of corn than with Kal-El. But coincidence does happen. If the genes match ..

One sperm arrives before the others, it penetrates the egg, forms a lump on its surface. The cell wall now thickens to prevent other sperm from entering. Within the now-fertilized egg, changes take place.

And ten million kryptonian sperm arrive slightly late.

Were they human sperm, they would be out of luck. But these tiny blind things are more powerful than a locomotive. A thickened cell wall won't stop them. They will *all* enter the egg, obliterating it entirely in an orgy of microscopic gang rape. So much for artificial insemination.

But LL's problems are just beginning.

VII

Within her body there are still tens of millions of frustrated kryptonian sperm. The single egg is now too diffuse to be a target. The sperm scatter.

•One can imagine that the Kent home in Smallville was riddled with holes during Superboy's puberty. And why did Lana Lang never notice *that*?

They scatter without regard to what is in their path. They leave curved channels, microscopically small. Presently all will have found their way into the open air

That leaves LL with several million microscopic perforations all leading deep into her abdomen Most of the channels will intersect one or more loops of intestine

Peritonitis is inevitable. LL becomes desperately ill

Meanwhile, tens of millions of sperm swarm in the air over Metropolis

VIII

This is more serious than it looks

Consider: these sperm are virtually indestructible. Within days or weeks they will die from lack of nourishment

Meanwhile they cannot be affected by heat, cold, vacuum, toxins, or anything short of green kryptonite[4]

There they are, minuscule but dangerous; for each has supernormal powers

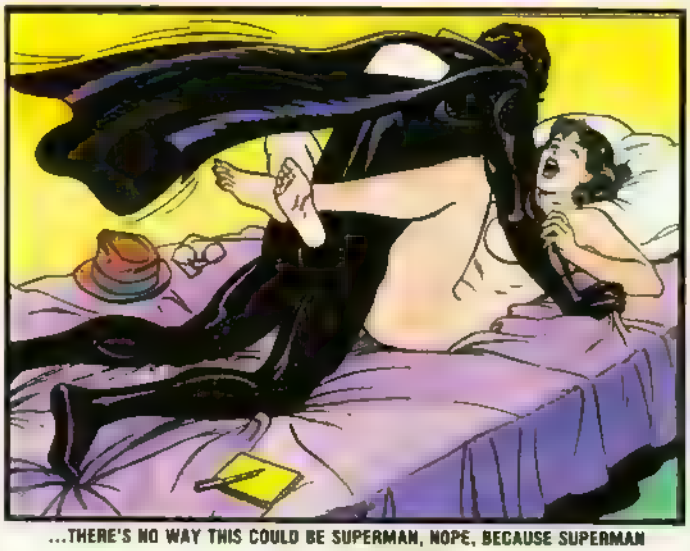
Metropolis is shaken by tiny sonic booms. Worm-holes, charred by meteoric heat, sprout magically in all kinds of things: plate glass, masonry, antique ceramics, electric mixers, wood, household pets, and citizens. Some of the sperm will crack lightspeed. The Metropolis night becomes alive with a network of narrow, eerie blue lines of Cherenkov radiation

And women whom Superman has never met find themselves in a delicate condition

Consider: LL won't get pregnant because there were too many of the blind, mindless beasts But whenever one sperm approaches an unfertilized human egg in its panic flight, it will attack.

How close is close enough? A few centimeters? Are sperm attracted by chemical cues? It seems likely. Metropolis had a population of millions; and a kryptonian sperm could travel a long and crooked path, billions of miles, before it gives up and dies

Several thousand blessed events seen not unlikely.[5]



...THERE'S NO WAY THIS COULD BE SUPERMAN, NOPE, BECAUSE SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS.

Several thousand lawsuits would follow. Not that Superman can't afford to pay There's a trick were you squeeze a lump of coal into its allotropic diamond form .

IX

The above analysis gives us part of the answer. In our experiment in artificial insemination, we must use a single sperm. This present no difficulty. Superman may use his microscopic vision and a pair of tiny tweezers to pluck a sperm from the swarm

X

In its eagerness, the single sperm may crash through LL's abdomen at transsonic speeds, wreaking havoc Is there any way to slow it down?

There is. We can expose it to gold kryptonite

Gold kryptonite, we remember, robs a kryptonian of all of his supernormal powers, permanently Were we to expose Superman himself to gold kryptonite, we would solve all his sex problems, but he would be Clark Kent forever. We may regard this solution as somewhat drastic

But we can expose the test tube of seminal fluid to gold kryptonite, then use standard techniques for artificial insemination.

By any of these methods we can get LL pregnant, without killing her. Are we out of the woods yet?

XI

Though exposed to gold kryptonite, the sperm still carries kryptonian genes. If these are recessive, then LL carries a developing human fetus There will be no more Supermen; but at least we need not worry about the mother's health

But if some of all of the kryptonian genes are dominant...

Can the fetus use his X-ray vision before birth? After all, with such a power, he can probably see through his own closed eyelids That would leave LL sterile. If the kid starts using heat vision, things start to get even worse

[4] And other forms of kryptonite For instance there are chunks of red kryptonite that make giants of kryptonians imagine ten million earthworm-sized sperma tozoa swarming over a Metropolis beach diving to fertilize the beach balls but I digress

[5] If the pubescent Superboy plays with himself we have the same problem over Smallville

But when he starts to kick, its all over. He will kick his way out into the open air, killing himself and his mother

XII

Is there a solution?

There are several. Each has its drawbacks

We can make LL wear a kryptonite[6] belt around her waist. But too little kryptonite may allow the child to damage her, while too much may damage or kill the child. Intermediate amounts may do both! And there is no safe way to experiment

A better solution is to find a host mother

We have not yet considered the existence of Supergirl.[7] She could carry the child without harm But Supergirl has a secret identity, and her secret identity is no more married than Supergirl herself. If she turned up pregnant, she would probably be thrown out of school

A better solution may be to implant the growing fetus in Superman himself. There are places in a man's abdomen where a foetus could draw adequate nourishment, growing as a parasite, and where it would not cause undue harm to surrounding organs. Presumably Clark Kent can take a leave of absence more easily than Supergirl's schoolgirl alter ego

When the time comes, the child will have to be removed through Caesarian section. It would have to be removed early, but there would be no problem with incubators as long as it was fed I leave the problem of cutting through Superman's invulnerable skin, as an exercise for the alert reader

The mind boggles at the image of a pregnant Superman cruising the skies of Metropolis. Batman would refuse to be seen with him; strange new jokes would circulate the prisons… and the race of Krypton would be safe at last.

*For our purposes, all forms of kryptonite are equally lethal in equivalent quantities. It has been speculated, from the start, that the great kryptonite explosion in Earth since the explosion of Krypton, that the planet must have outweighed our entire solar system. Doubtless the planet Krypton was a cooling black dwarf star one of a binary pair, the other member being a red giant

She can't mate with Superman because she's his first cousin. And only incest would suggest differently

SUPERMAN IS © & ® 1994 DC COMICS, AND ANY UNAUTHORIZED USE OF SUPERMAN WOULD NOT BE NICE. FORTUNATELY, THIS IS NOT SUPERMAN.

NEXT PAGE: COVER BY KEVIN NOWLAN

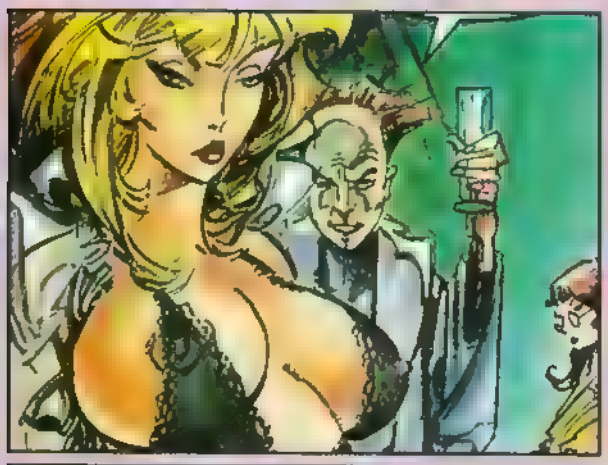
A note to my loyal readers: this issue's cover portrays a scene that does not appear in this issue. I know that whenever I read comics, I hate that. My apologies: It does portray a scene from last issue's (#4) episode of Scion. As you may have guessed, this was originally the cover for issue #4, and it was bumped to #5 by the Frank Frazetta cover on our last issue. Mr. Frazetta asked me to run his cover on issue #4 to coincide with his spectacular show at the Alexander Gallery here in New York in November. Never one to deny the request of a living legend, I agreed, and Kevin was a real good sport about the whole business.

I've loved every cover on this book, but this issue's cover painting, by Kevin Nowlan, is a very special favorite of mine. Kevin is leaving Scion to do a Superman project at DC (remember, Superman is © and ® 1994 DC Comics), but if you're going out, this is the way to make your exit! Kevin's a real top notch professional, not to mention an artistic genius and it's been a real pleasure working with him for the last year. Now, let's take another look at that cover art, this time in its entirety, and without copy.

—GKC (11/94)

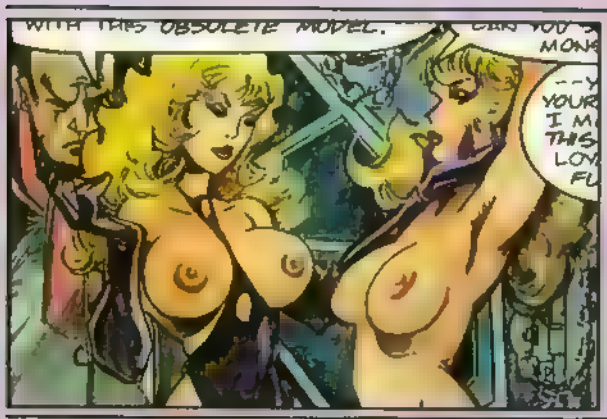
Bethlehem STEELE™

EPISODE 5: A SMALL SACRIFICE

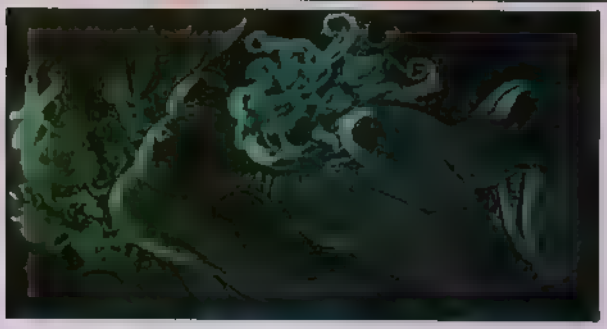


The year is 2194. Created as the perfect mate to the richest man in the galaxy, Baron Sho Tanaka, Bethlehem Steele is an android who's body mimics the human body and mind, but who possess powers, sexual and otherwise, that make her more than human. Being the prefect woman with a will of her own, however, Beth was not content to be another rich man's toy, Beth escaped Tanaka with the help of her designer (and lesbian lover), Thea Burroughs.

Thea and Beth were captured by, and later joined forces with, space pirate Rad Gemini. A romance between Beth and Gemini soon blossomed, though Rad was unaware that Beth was an android. But Tanaka was not about to let Beth escape him. He tracked her and her friends to the artificial planetoid New Tortuga, a pirate stronghold on the far side of known space.



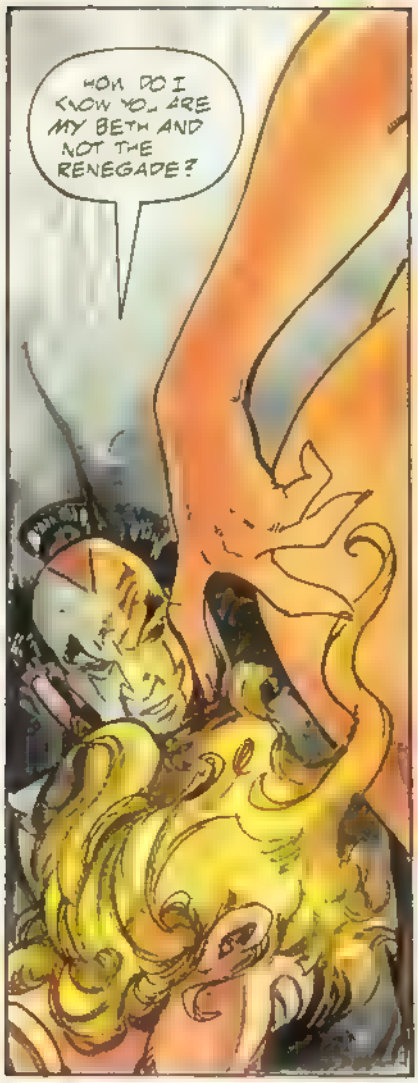
Beth surrendered to Tanaka in exchange for his pledge to spare her friends. Once Tanaka had Beth in his clutches, he revealed to her the existence of a twin android, fashioned in her image, but utterly loyal to Tanaka. As an amusement for Tanaka, both Beths were locked in a sexual dance to the death when...



Tanaka's ship was sabotaged by Rad and Thea, who'd stolen aboard Tanaka's dreadnought. The two androids struggled and one of them was destroyed...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Azpiri LETTERS: Lopez

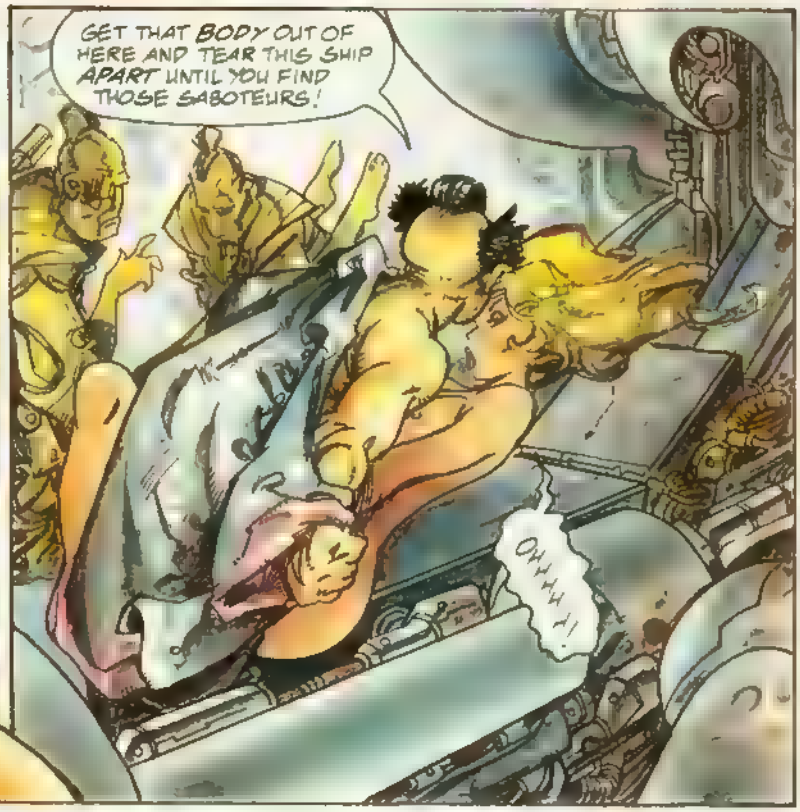
TANAKA DREADNOUGHT ALPHA PRIME--INBOUND 25 LIGHT-YEARS FROM EARTH
AT THAT MOMENT IN TANAKA'S COMMAND CENTER
YOU KILLED HER.
FORGIVE ME, MASTER. SHE TRIED TO ESCAPE.
SHE MIGHT HAVE INJURED YOU!
I HAD NO CHOICE.

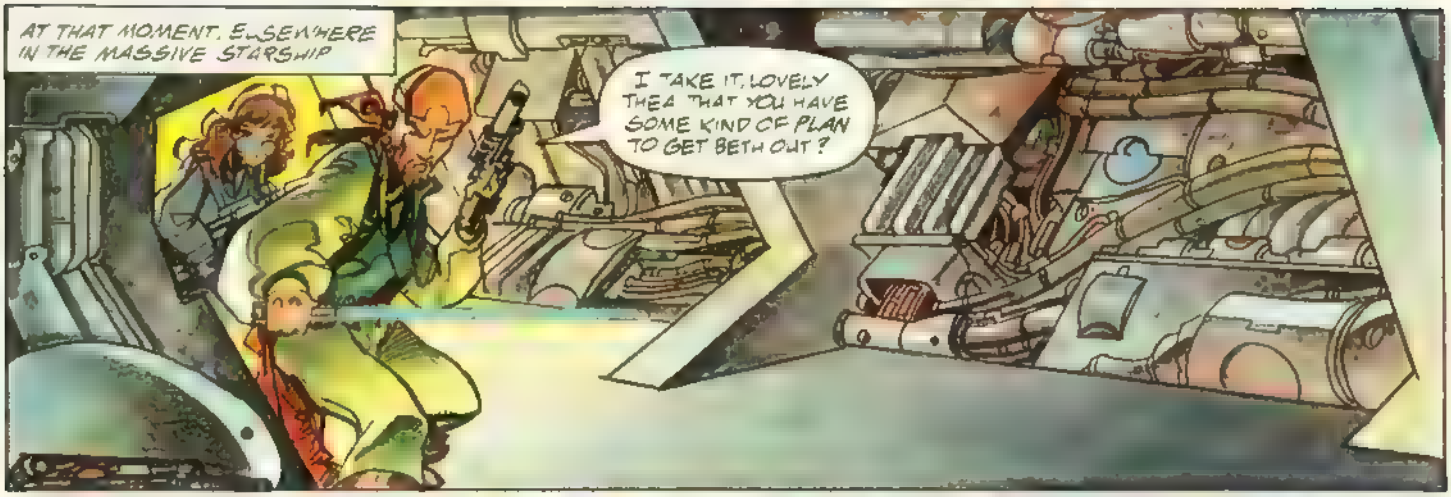

HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE MY BETH AND NOT THE RENEGADE?

I AM YOURS, MY LORD, BODY AND MIND.
COMMAND ME

TAKE ME NOW.. PLEASE.
THE WAY YOU DID ON YOUR BIRTHDAY LAST MONTH..
MY LORD, POWER HAS BEEN RESTORED
I CAN SEE THAT FOOL. HAVE YOU LOCATED THE SABOTEURS?
N-NO, MY LORD

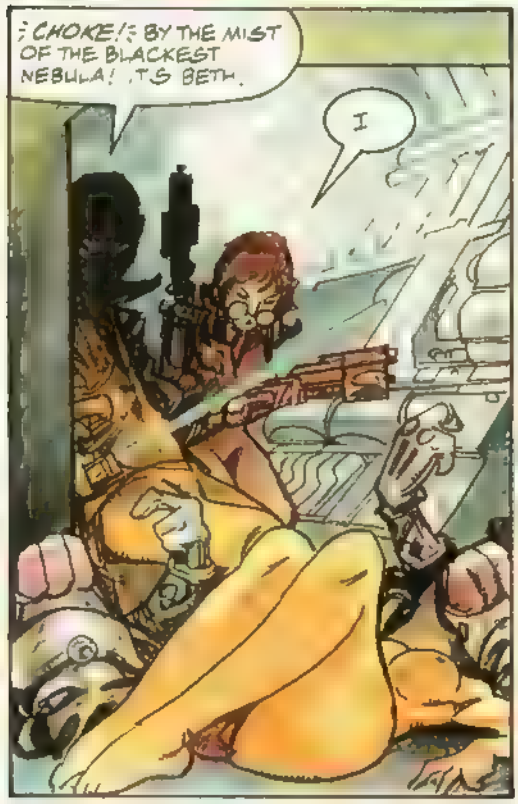
SURELY, MASTER, THESE MEN COULD BUSY THEMSELVES WITH FINDING THEM, WHILE YOU RETURN...
TO MORE PLEASURABLE PURSUITS
YES, YES!


GET THAT BODY OUT OF HERE AND TEAR THIS SHIP APART UNTIL YOU FIND THOSE SABOTEURS!
OHHHH!


AT THAT MOMENT, ELSEWHERE IN THE MASSIVE STARSHIP
I TAKE IT, LOVELY THEA THAT YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF PLAN TO GET BETH OUT?

OF COURSE I DO.
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE OUR WAY PAST THE GUARDS, GET INTO TANAKA'S COMMAND CENTER, FIND BETH, SABOTAGE THE SHIP'S ENGINES, AND THEN GET BACK TO THE COURIER AND HEAD BACK TO NEW TORTUGA.
IS THAT ALL?

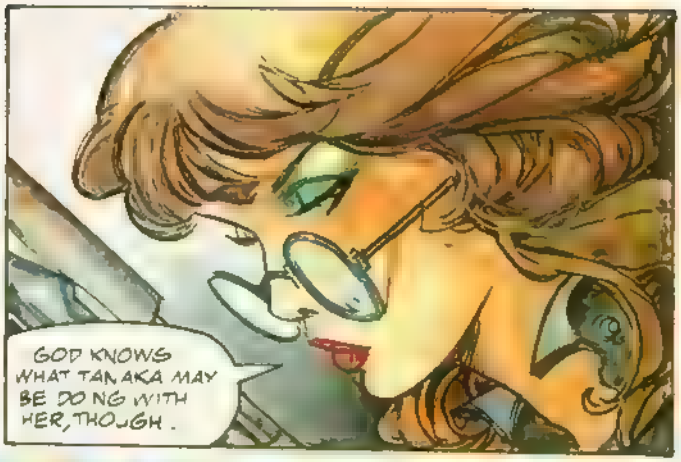
ZAP
ZAP
THEA! DOWN!

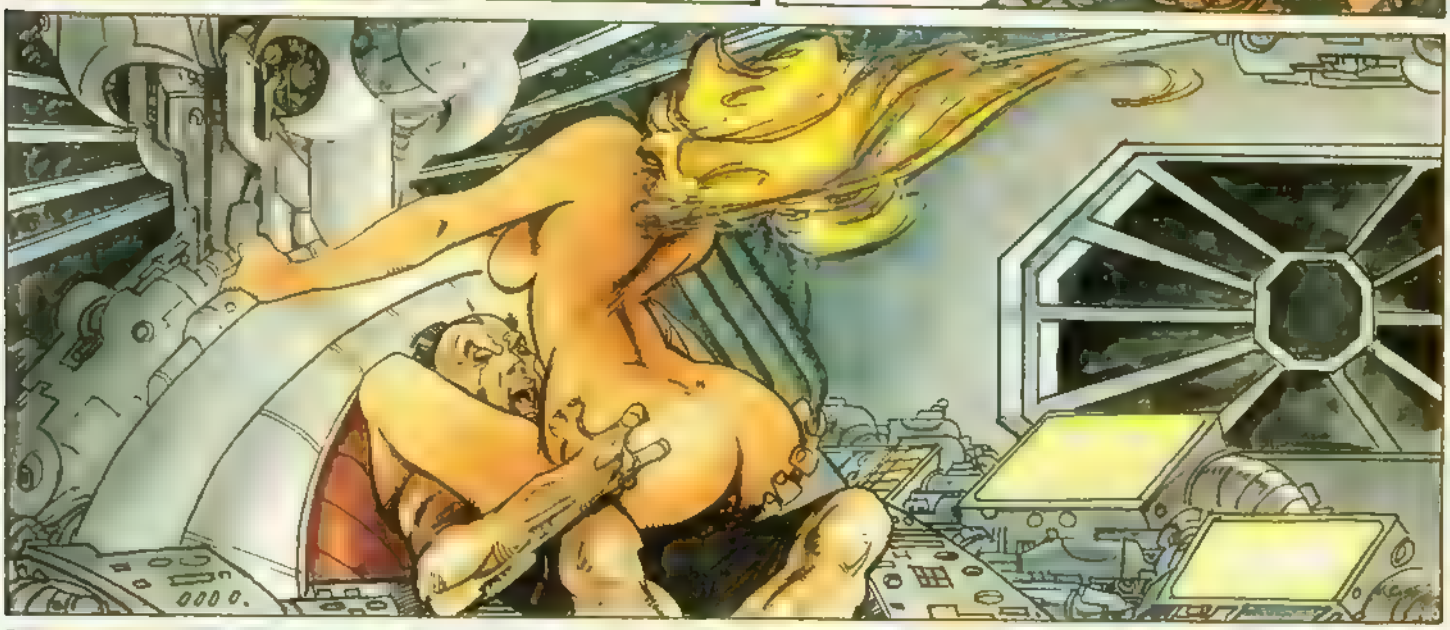

¡CHOKE!¡ BY THE MIST OF THE BLACKEST NEBULA! IT'S BETH.
I

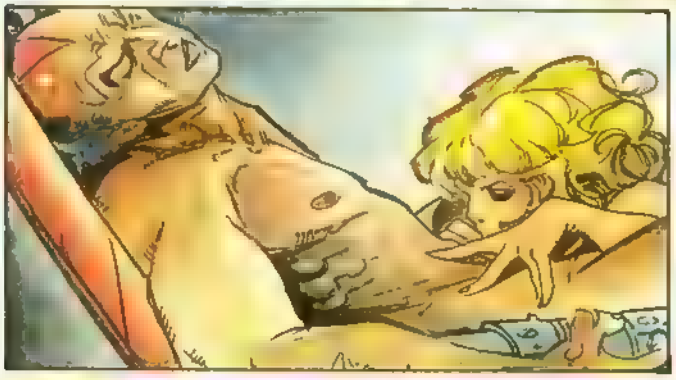
I KNEW IT! THIS ISN'T OUR BETH
WHAT HAPPENED?
I CAN'T FEEL THE 'SCAR TISSUE' WHERE SHE WAS WOUNDED ON TORTUGA.*
*SEE ISSUE NO. 1

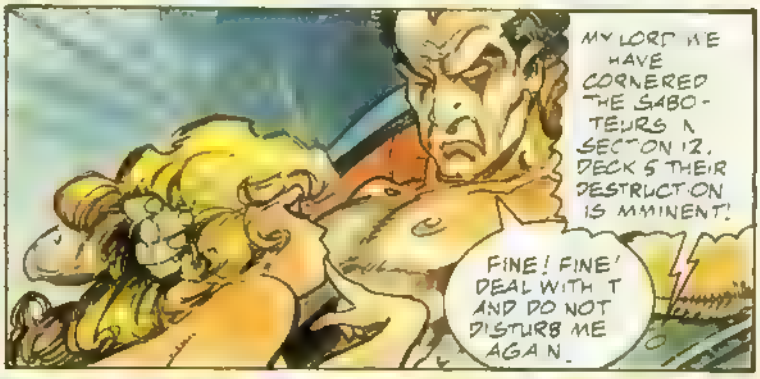
TANAKA WAS VERY INSISTENT ON GETTING EXACT PLANS OF BETH THE MOMENT SHE WAS COMPLETED. I ASSUME TANAKA USED THEM TO CONSTRUCT A DUPLICATE, AND BETH SUBSTITUTED HERSELF FOR THE DOPPELGANGER.

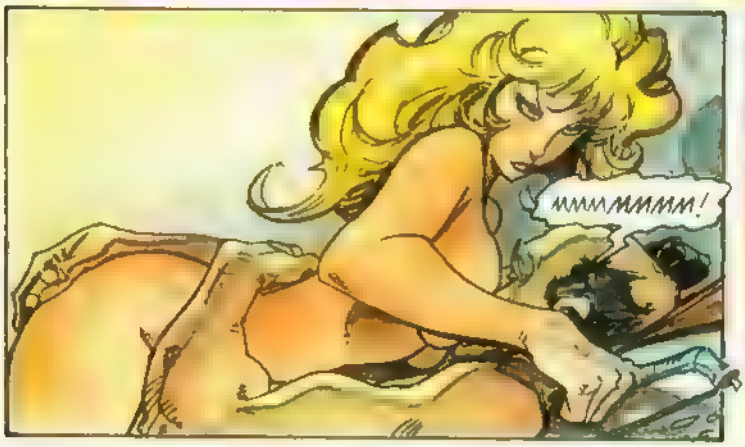
THEN SHE'S ALIVE
I HOPE SO

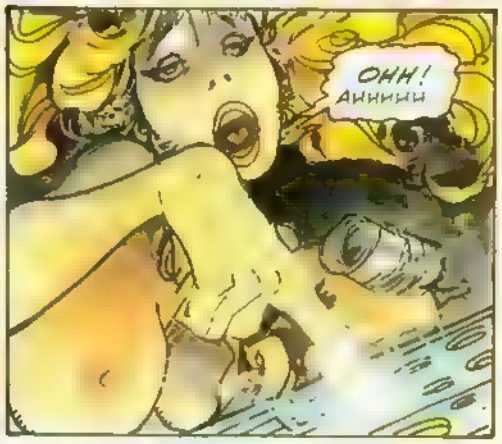

GOD KNOWS WHAT TANAKA MAY BE DOING WITH HER, THOUGH.





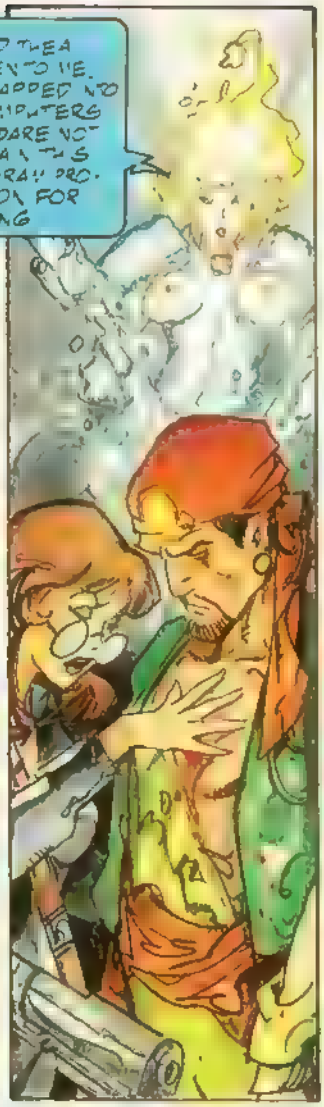

MY LORD WE HAVE CORNERED THE SABOTEURS IN SECTION 12, DECK 5 THEIR DESTRUCTION IS IMMINENT!
FINE! FINE! DEAL WITH IT AND DO NOT DISTURB ME AGAIN.


MMMMMMMM!

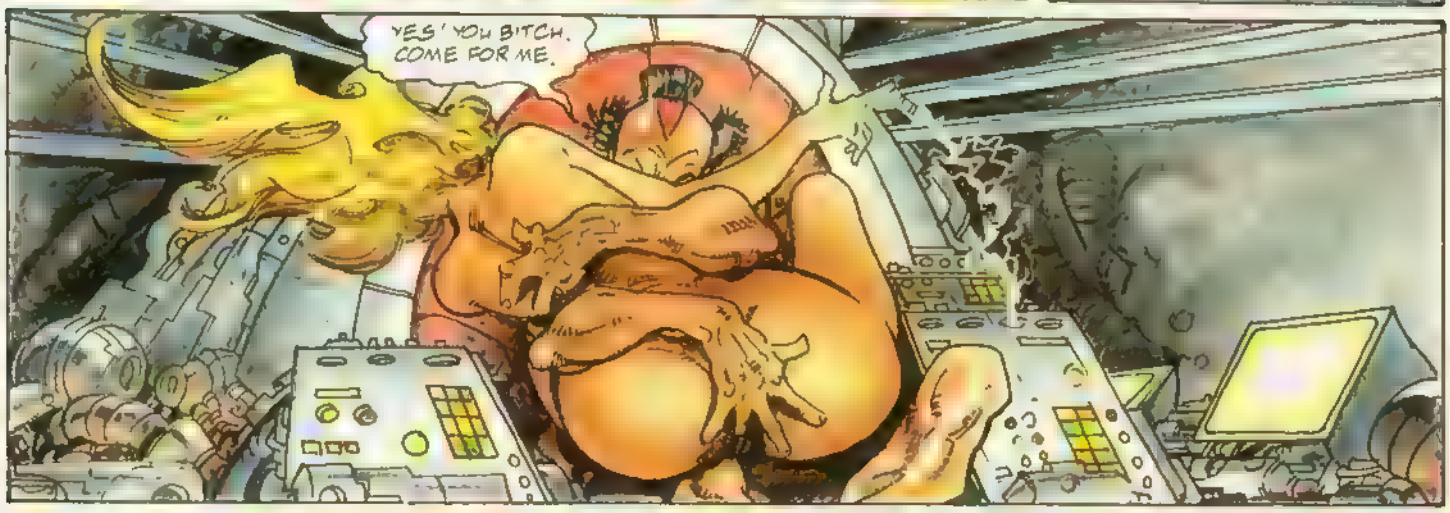

OHH! AHHHHH

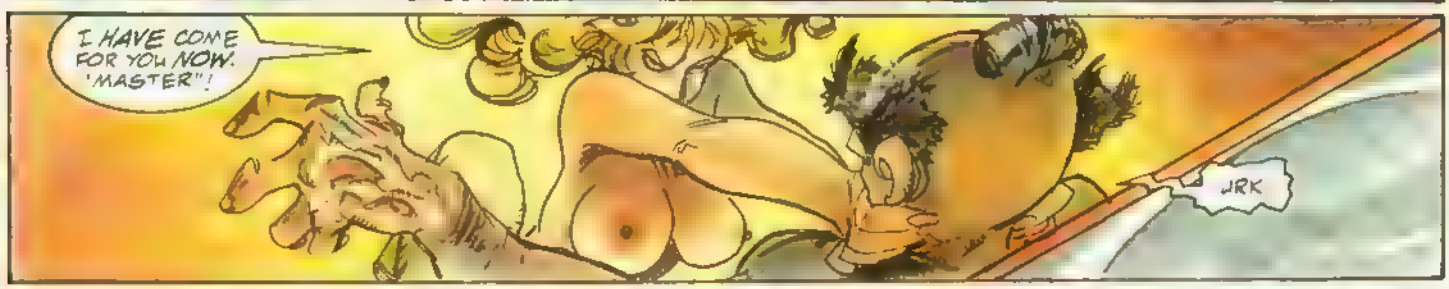
THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM.
BAH! WE'VE PLENTY OF DEATH TO GO AROUND.
TURN AND FACE DOOM MERCENARIES.
OR ARE ANY OF YOU MAN ENOUGH TO TAKE ME ON?
BLAST HER
AVAST! YE SCURVY SPACE SCUM!

MY GOD
CAPTAIN
MY CABIN DOOR BECAUSE OF MY LOOKS..
YOU'RE HURT!
NAUGHT BUT A SCRATCH

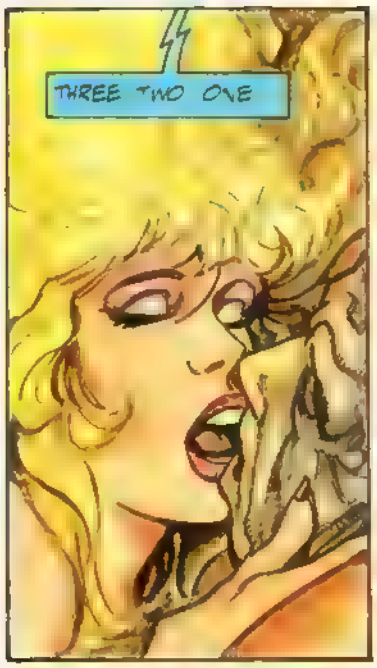


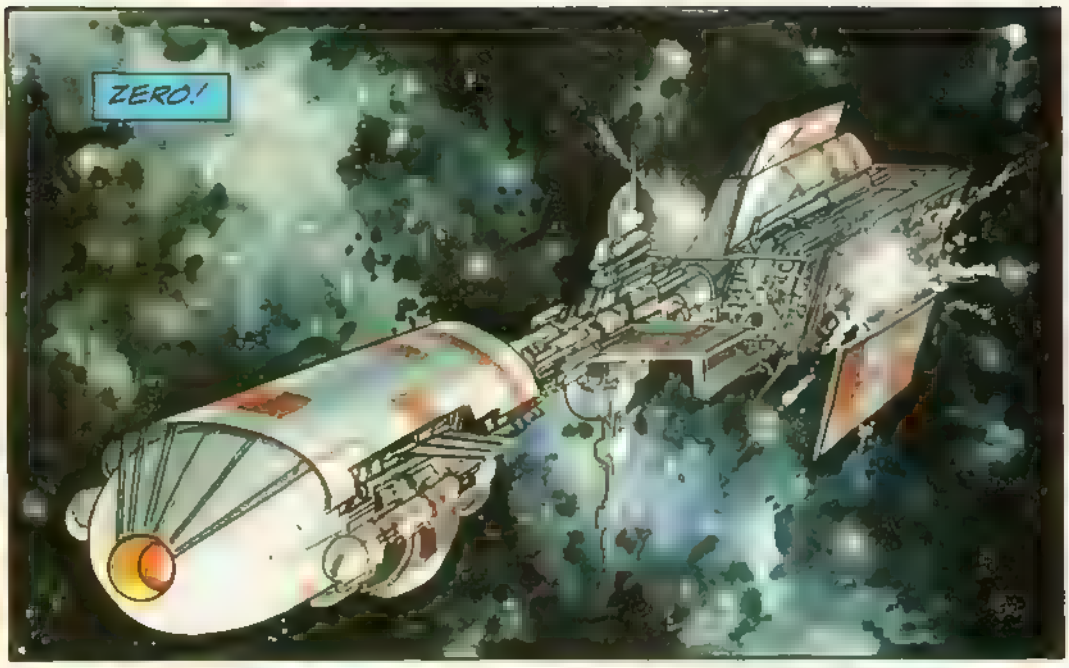
I'M WITH TANAKA IN THE COMMAND CENTER. I HAVE A PLAN TO END THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
HEAD BACK FOR YOUR SHIP AND WAIT FOR ME. I'LL JOIN YOU SOON.
HURRY.


YES! YOU BITCH. COME FOR ME.

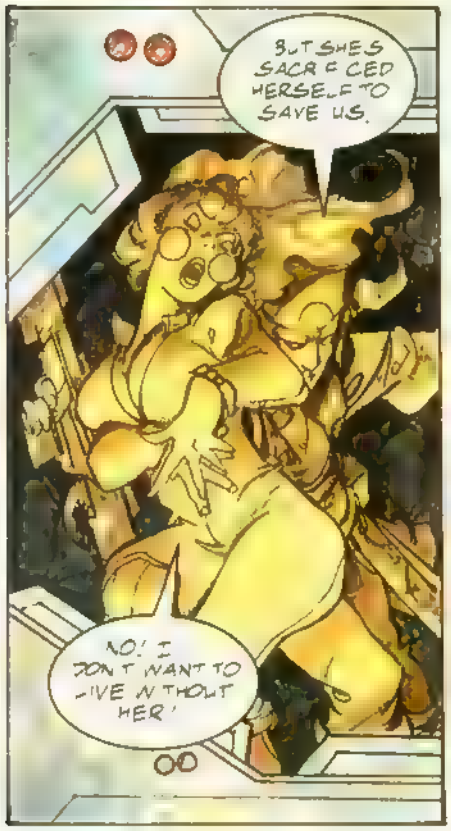

I HAVE COME FOR YOU NOW. "MASTER"!
URK

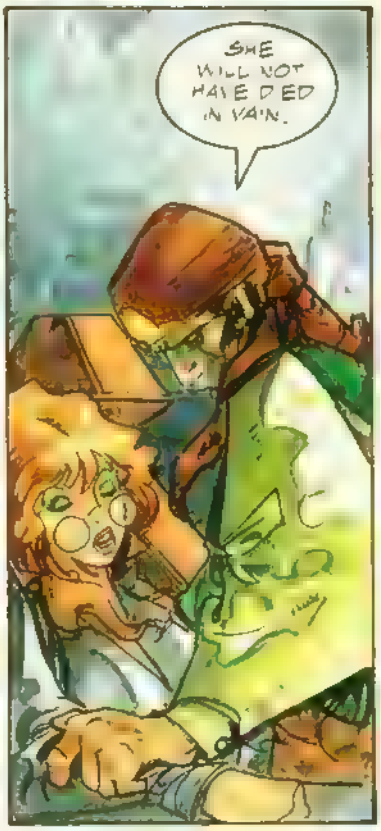
COMPUTER: TANAKA OVERRIDE ALPHA ERANDI I
TANAKA IO CEPRINT DENTIFIED AND CLEARED FOR TOTAL CONTROL
COMMENCE AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE 20-SECOND COUNTDOWN
ENGAGE.
CONFIRMED AUTO-DESTRUCT IN 20 SECONDS NINETEEN.. EIGHTEEN
TEK
THIRTEEN TWELVE
EIGHT SEVEN
SHUCK
SHUCK
FIVE FOUR

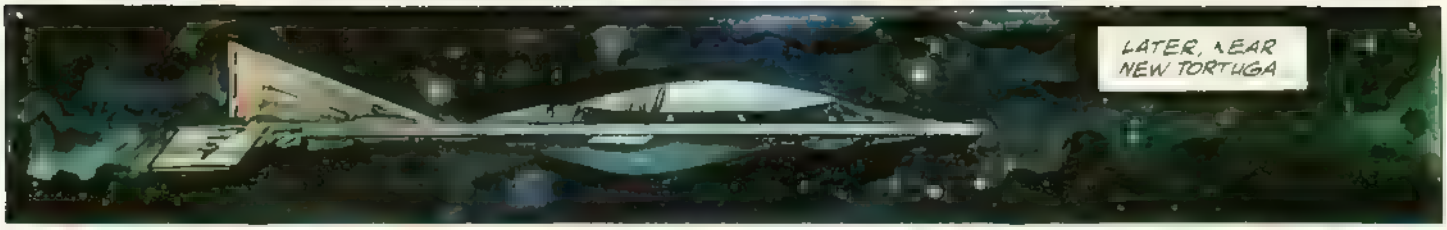

THREE TWO ONE

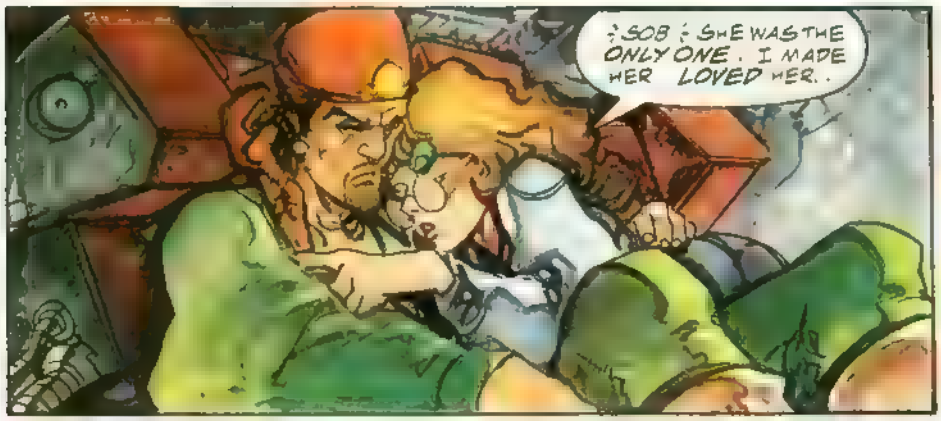

ZERO!

LET ME GO, RAD!!.
SHE'S COMING. SHE'S GOT TO COME!
I WISH IT WERE TRUE, LASS

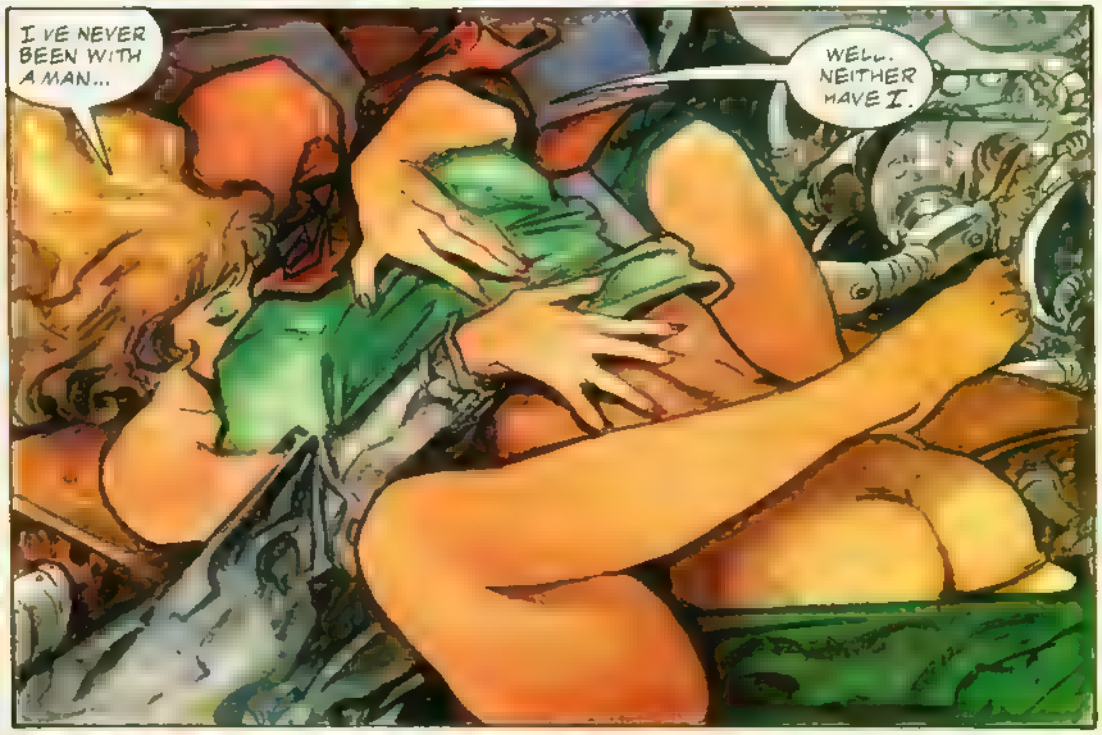

BUT SHE'S SACRIFICED HERSELF TO SAVE US.
NO! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT HER!

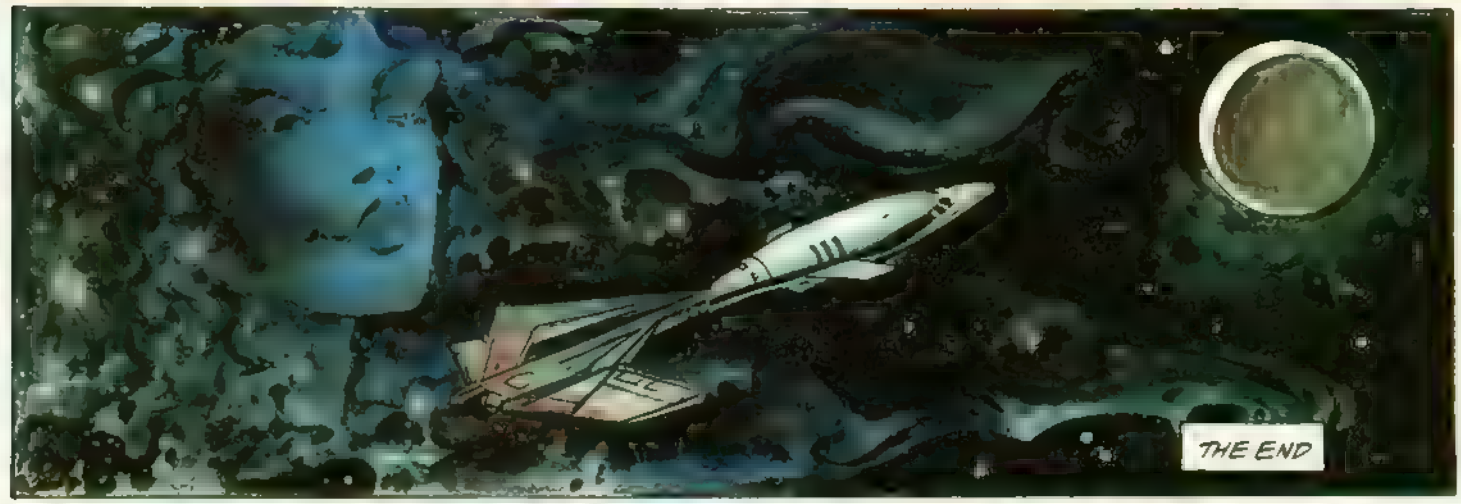

SHE WILL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN.


LATER, NEAR NEW TORTUGA


:SOB: SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE. I MADE HER LOVED HER..

THERE THERE LASS
WE'LL BOTH LOVE AGAIN.


I VE NEVER BEEN WITH A MAN...
WELL. NEITHER HAVE I.


THE END

Libby in the Lost World™

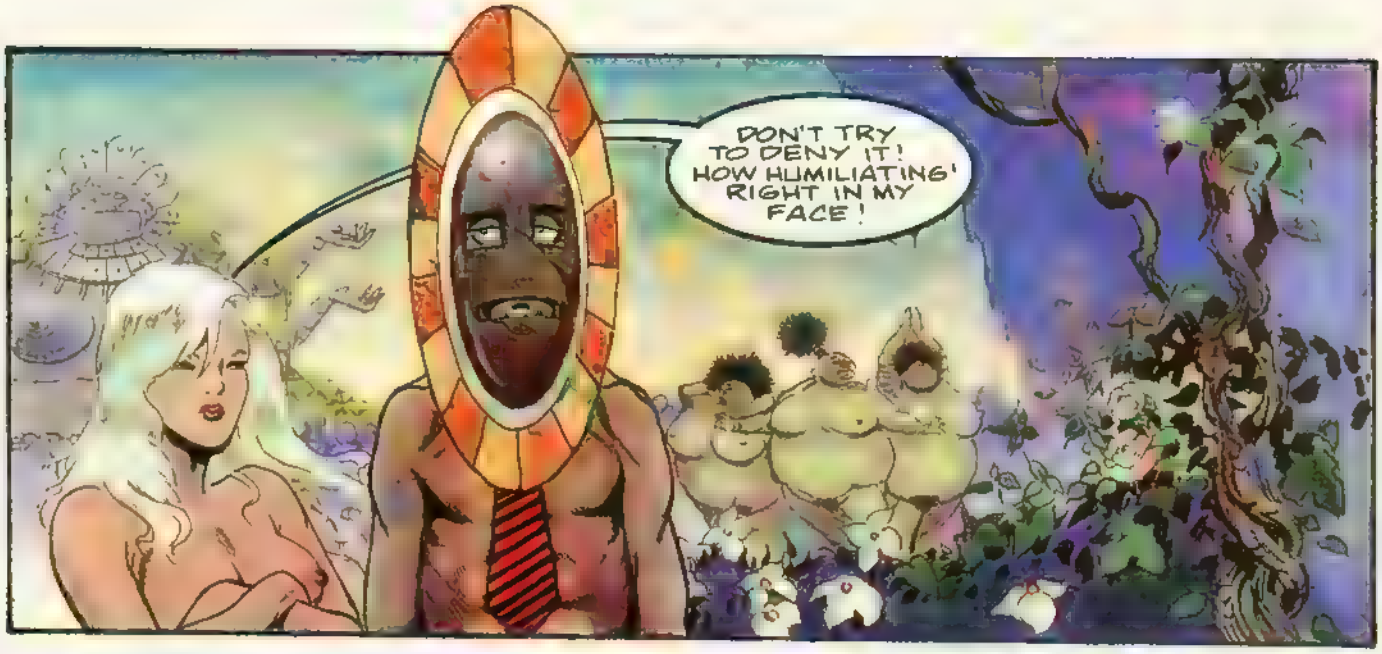
EPISODE 5: HEAVEN ON EARTH HELL ON WHEELS

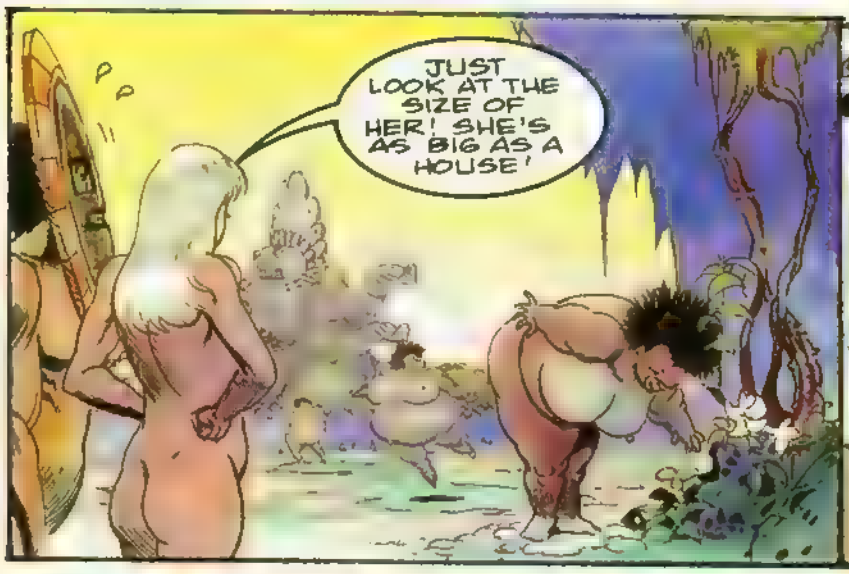
This is the story of Libby Eisenberg, a stuck up New York Princess, who, on her way to a glorious wedding with a rich doctor, crash landed in a mysterious lost world that time forgot.

Libby became a living goddess to a tribe of cavemen and live-in shrewish girlfriend to the tribe's Witch Doctor, the stoneage mastermind, Ugah Boogah. Can a big city girl find happiness in a world without-plumbing? Without shopping? <gasp!> Without Shoes?

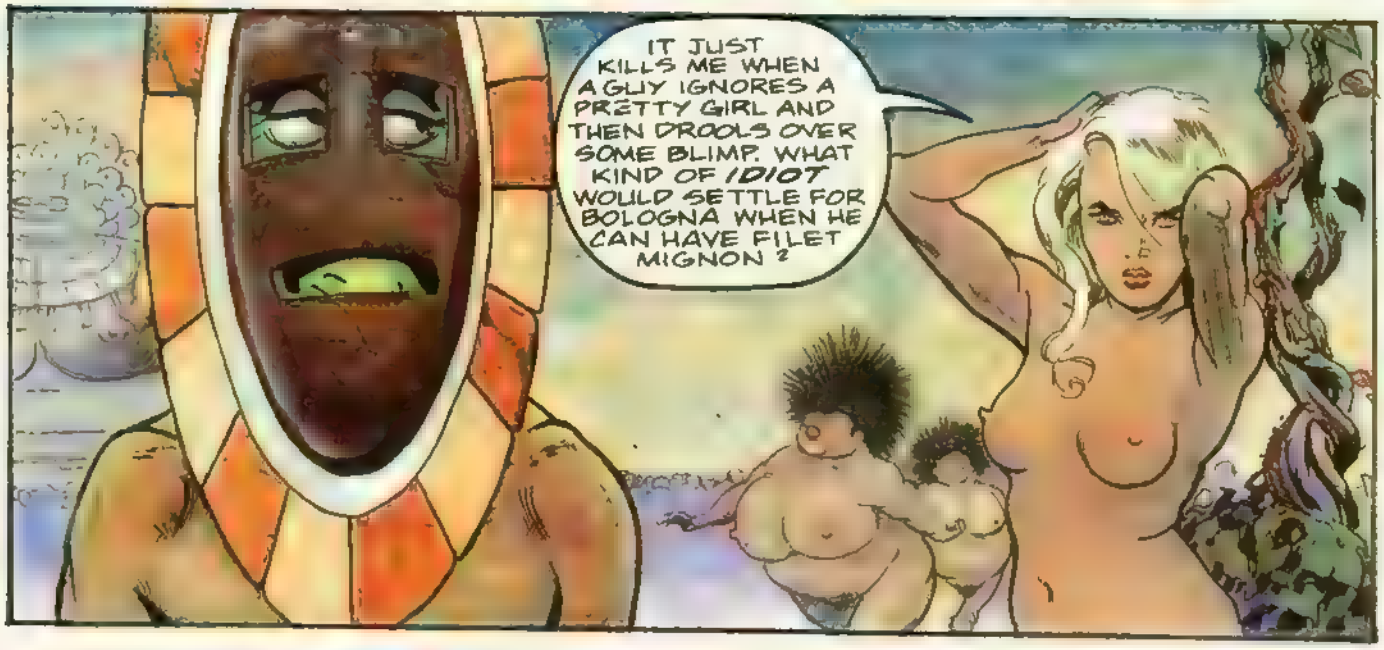
STORY AND ART BY
ARTHUR SUYDAM
LETTERS: WILLIAMS

I SAW THAT, YOU BASTARD! YOU JUST WINKED AT THAT GIRL AS SHE WALKED BY!

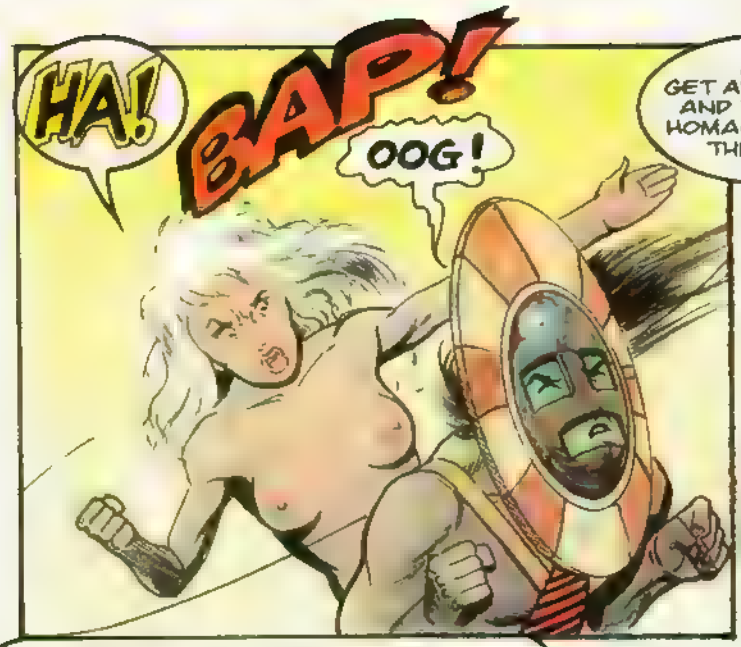

DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! HOW HUMILIATING! RIGHT IN MY FACE!

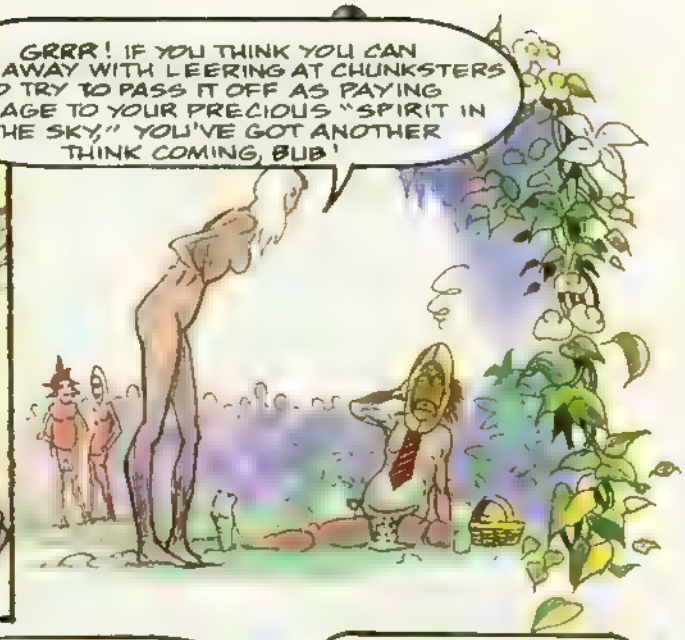

JUST LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HER! SHE'S AS BIG AS A HOUSE!

WHAT IS IT WITH MEN AND FAT GIRLS? I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S THE FASCINATION?

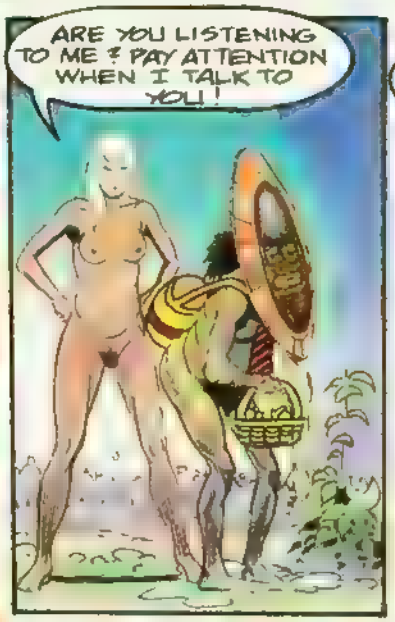

IT JUST KILLS ME WHEN A GUY IGNORES A PRETTY GIRL AND THEN DROOLS OVER SOME BLIMP. WHAT KIND OF *IDIOT* WOULD SETTLE FOR BOLOGNA WHEN HE CAN HAVE FILET MIGNON?

HEY!
I'M ALL FOR THAT DIFFERENT-STROKES JAZZ. I'M AS OPEN-MINDED AS THE NEXT GIRL -- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!
WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO THIS WITCH DOCTORS' CONVENTION, I SAID OKAY. BUT I NEVER EXPECTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS! FOR A WEEK NOW, I'VE WATCHED YOU AND YOUR ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES SELF-PRESCRIBE MASSIVE DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENS AND ROLL AROUND IN THE DIRT LIKE A BUNCH OF ANIMALS!...
...NOW YOU WANT ME TO SIT IDLY BY WHILE YOU SOCK IT TO THOSE SACRIFICIAL BEACH BALLS IN YOUR CRAZY FERTILITY RITUAL!
...MUMBLE, GRUMBLE
HEY! IN YOUR DREAMS, PAL!
?!!
NO WAY, JACK! WE'RE OUTTA HERE! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET YOU TALK ME INTO...
...?!!
THERE HE GOES AGAIN! JUST LOOK AT HIM! A PRIME CANDIDATE FOR WHIP-LASH!
ROWL?!


HA!
BAP!
OOG!

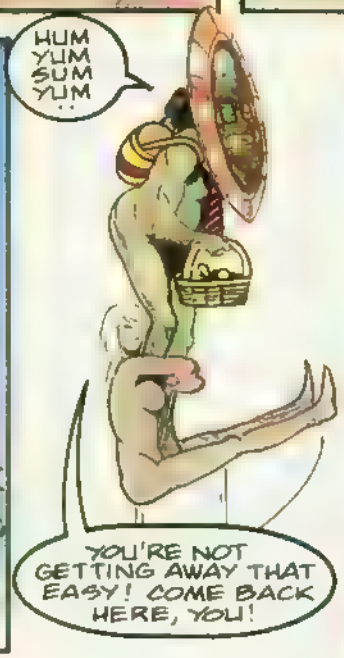

GRRR! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH LEERING AT CHUNKSTERS AND TRY TO PASS IT OFF AS PAYING HOMAGE TO YOUR PRECIOUS "SPIRIT IN THE SKY," YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING, BUB!

HUMPH! GO AHEAD, UGGY! LOOK ALL YOU WANT. THE ONLY WAY YOU ARE GOING TO GET ANY OF THAT BIG STUFF IS IN YOUR DREAMS, BECAUSE IF I EVER CATCH YOU LAYING SO MUCH AS A FINGER ON ONE OF THOSE HEAVYWEIGHTS, WELL, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT I MIGHT DO!


ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? PAY ATTENTION WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM
HUH? WHAT THE ?!!

HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM.
?!!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!


HUM YUM SUM YUM
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASY! COME BACK HERE, YOU!

HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM
OW!
WHAM!

$#@#!!
HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM.
...COME TO ME, UGAH BOOGAH!

HUM YUM SUM YUM.. HUM YUM SUM YUM.
...COME CLOSER... INTO THE LIGHT...
...FOLLOW THE THIN RED THREAD BETWEEN NOTHINGNESS AND ETERNITY...
HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM
...COME TO WHERE ALL THINGS ARE ONE... INTO THE LIGHT... INTO THE LIGHT...
HUM YUM SUM YUM... HUM YUM SUM YUM..

...EXALTED CREATOR... MAKER OF ALL THINGS...
HUM YUM SUM YUM. HUM YUM SUM YUM
...THE FOUNT OF ALL KNOWLEDGE...
HUM YUM SUM YUM.. HUM YUM SUM YUM
...REVERE NOT THE SPINDLY PALE-FACED IMPOSTER, FAITHFUL FOLLOWER...
HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM.
HUM YUM SUM YUM HUM YUM SUM YUM
...BLACK IS WHITE... DOWN IS UP... DOGS AND CATS...

...FIRE...
...ICE...
...WIND...
...RAIN...
...HUM YUM SUM YUM... HUM YUM SUM YUM.
...HUM YUM SUM YUM.
...I IS ME...
...THEY ARE WE...
...THE VENERABLE ONE...
...PREPARE THE ANOINTMENT...
...SUFFOCATE YOURSELF AT MY FEET...
...HUM YUM SUM YUM.

...LET THE DIVINE CEREMONY BEGIN...
...INTO THE LIGHT...
HUM YUM SUM YUM
HUM YUM SUM YUM
HUM YUM SUM YUM
HUM YUM SUM YUM
HUM YUM SUM YUM! YOU ARE WORTHY, DISCIPLE! LET THE CON-SECRATION BEGIN!
?!!
SQUEAL!
HUM YUM SUM YUM! BRANG IT O-VUH HEAH, SWEET DADDY!
UGAH BOOGAH UGAH BOOGAH UGAH BOOGAH UGAH BOOGAH UGAH BOOGAH UGAH BOOGAH
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW

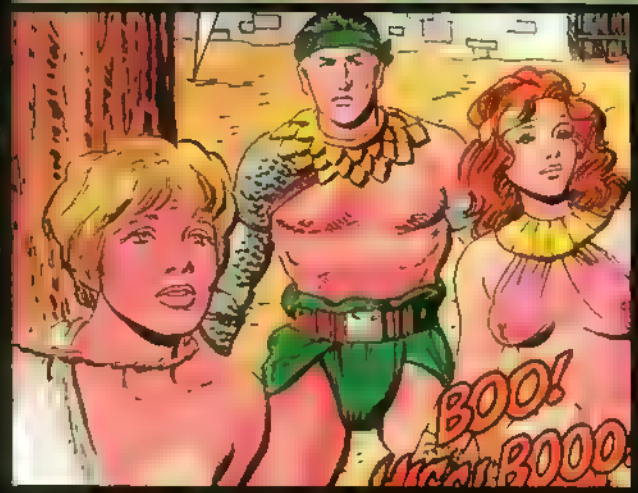
DOCTOR DARE AND THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

EPISODE IV

CARNAGE IN THE LOST CITY

The year is 1939. Plucky lady scientist, Joanna Dare, developed a serum that unlocked the human body's vast potential, but thanks to a tragic accident, she is its only recipient. Now, when ever she has sex, she is transformed into Doctor Dare a two-fisted adventuress with the strength of fifty men! Offering her services to the President, Franklin Roosevelt, Joanna was asked to carry out a secret mission for FDR's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt.

The mission, for which Joanna was teamed with fearless archeologist Pat Pike, was to travel to darkest Axis infested Africa and discover the true whereabouts of famed lost aviatrix Emila Earhart. En route, Joanna and Pat fell into the clutches of Dare's mortal nemesis, the fatal feminazi, Agent D. Only the chance arrival of a pack of prehistoric pterodactyls saved them from a fiery doom. Dare and Pike soon found themselves trapped in a mist shrouded



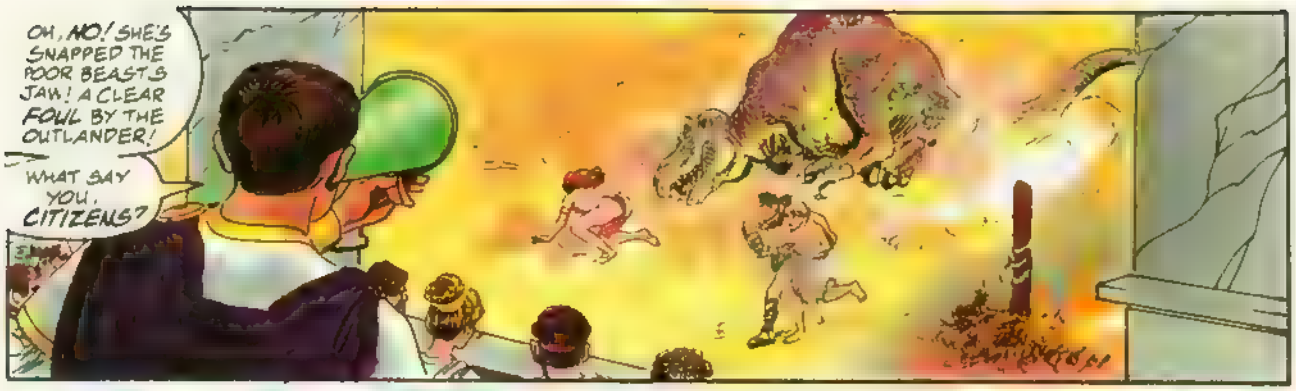
...world that time forgot. There, in a lost roman city, ruled by the legendary Prestor John, they found Earhart, who was suffering from amnesia and believed herself to be Prestor John's long dead wife. Dare and Pat convinced Earhart that she was indeed the famed lady flyer and were about to make their escape when they were set upon by Prestor John's warriors and thrown into the savage gladiator arena, there to face the deadliest beast to ever walk the earth!

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Gray Morrow LETTERS: Lopez

RRRAWR!
I'VE BEEN A TOUGHER SPOTS
SPQR

WHUMP
FRIENDS! ROMANS! COUNTRYMEN! LEND ME YOUR SPEARS! HA! HA! IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR GLADIATING, FELLOW CITIZENS! WEASELUS MAXIMUS HERE WITH ALL THE BLOW-BY-BLOW COLOR COMMENTARY!
BY THE BLOOD OF CAESAR! THESE TRICKY OUTLANDERS ARE CHOCK-A-BLOCK WITH SNEAKY SURPRISES!
BUT THEY FACE NO MERE LION! NO, THEY FACE THE MIGHTIEST BEAST KNOWN TO US.
I REFER, OF COURSE, TO THE CARNIVORE WHOM YOU ADORE... THE MIGHTY KING OF THE TYRANT LIZARDS!
SNAP!
AND TYRANNUS ANDRONICUS ISN'T ABOUT TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN!
KOF! KOF!
LOOKS LIKE THE ROYAL ARCHERS HAVE SPICED UP THE ACTION WITH A FEW FLAMING ARROWS, FOLKS! LET'S RAISE OUR SOUVENIR WINE GOBLETS HIGH IN HONOR OF GAIUS BARBECUS AND HIS FLAME, HURLING SIX!
THAT'S RIGHT, FELLOW FREEMEN YOU CAME TO SEE TWO-FISTED TUNIC-TEARING LIZARD-SKINNING, ALL-OUT ACTION! AS USUAL, YOUR BENEFICENT EMPEROR PRESTOR JOHN HAS DELIVERED THE GOODS! ISN'T HE GLORIOUS?!
REMEMBER, YOU PROMISED WHEN SHE DIES, I'LL BE QUEEN.. RIGHT?
YES! YES! NOW BE QUIET, WENCH!

DOESN'T ANYONE AROUND HERE KNOW HOW TO TREAT A LADY?
STOMP
ROAR! CHEER! HOOT! YEAH!
ROAR!
OKAY, MR TALL, DARK, AND SCALY YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT?
GULP!
I'LL GIVE YOU A BELLYFUL!
SNAP
OR MAYBE YOU JUST NEED TO GARGLE!
PHEW! HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED FLOSSING?
ARRGH!


OH, NO! SHE'S SNAPPED THE POOR BEAST'S JAW! A CLEAR FOUL BY THE OUTLANDER!
WHAT SAY YOU, CITIZENS?

SPARE THEM!
SPARE THEM!
SPARE THEM!

LET'S GET A RULING FROM THE JUDGE!
THEY SEEM TO BE A REAL CROWD PLEASER, YOUR ALMIGHTINESS..
THESE SWINE BEDDED MY QUEEN!

THE PENALTY IS DEATH!
BOO!
UNFAIR!
HISS!

SO...THE FIX IS IN, EH?

WELL, I'M CHANGING THE RULES, "YOUR HIGHNESS"!

AH, AH, AH. DROP THAT DIGSTICKER, TROJAN.
IN FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS NONE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DISARM ME! YOU HAVE DONE IT NOT ONCE BUT TWICE! WHAT MANNER OF WOMAN ARE YOU?
WEEEEEE
THE ONE THAT'S GONNA PUNCH OUT YOUR LIGHTS--
--WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
LOOKS LIKE SOME UNINVITED SKY KRAUTS HAVE CRASHED THE PARTY!
BOOM BOOM BA-WHOM
FASTER! FASTER! I AM ALMOST THERE.
OUTLANDERS!
RIDING UPON HORSELESS CHARIOTS! AEEEE.
AIEEEE!

BUT SIGNORA AGENT D! I'M A GOING AS FAST AS I CAN!
NOT YOU, YOU MUSSOLINI-ITE MISCREANT! I DID NOT GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO CLIMAX YET!
MAMA MIA! IT'SA TOO LATE! AHHHH!
I'M A SO SORRY, SIGNORA I LOST-A MY HEAD.
APOLOGY ACCEPTED, LIEUTENANT!
72
AAAARRRRGH-A!
ALL WEAPONS! OPEN FIRE!
FUOCO!

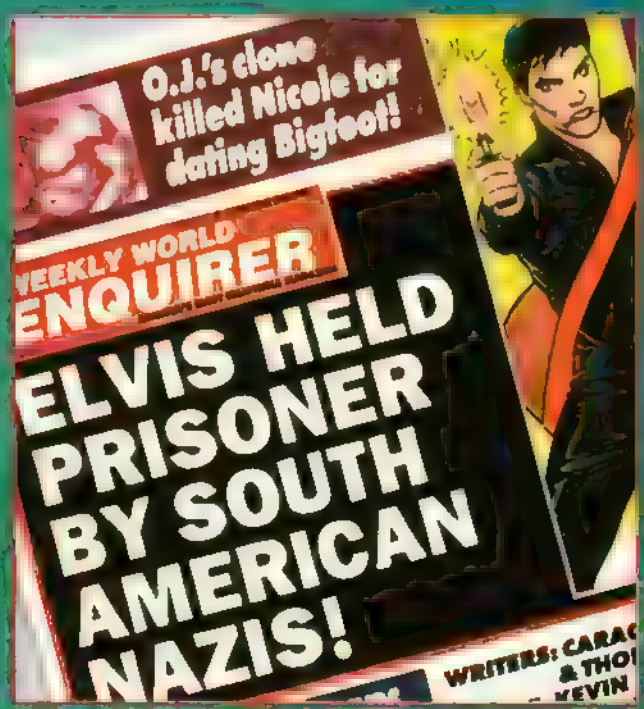
HEED ME, OUTLANDER! WHATEVER QUARREL EXISTS BETWEEN US, THERE IS A GREATER SCORE TO BE SETTLED WITH OUR COMMON ENEMY.
YOU SLING A PRETTY GOOD LINE OF BULL, CHESTER BUT I SAVVY.
IF I TEAM UP WITH YOU AGAINST THESE NAZI BASTARDS--YOU LET ME AND MY FRIENDS GO!
DEAL?
I SWEAR BY SAINT MICHAEL, SAINT JOHN, AND THE HEAVENLY THRONE OF CHRIST HIMSELF--IT SHALL BE EVEN AS THOU SAYEST!
SPIT ON YOUR HAND AND WE'LL SHAKE ON IT WAIT A MINUTE.
URF!
PAT! GET AMELIA OUT OF HERE.
SPQI
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, JO! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

SO I SEE! USING MACHINE GUNS AND CANNON AGAINST A PRIMITIVE INDIGENOUS PEOPLE! HOW LOW CAN YOU SINK?
LOOK OUT, AXIS! HERE I COME!
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!
BA-BOOM

NOW TO--
UH OH!
CRASH
THAT OUTLANDER WENCH WAS BRAVE! I'LL GRANT HER THAT!
-NLIKE THESE VERMIN, WHO ATTACK N COWARDLY NUMBERS! I CANNOT K'LL THEM FAST ENOUGH!
SURRENDER OR DIE, YOU BARBARIAN SCUM!
I CLAIM YOUR WEAPON THE ONE TRUE BURNING SPEAR OF DESTINY, IN THE NAME OF MEIN FÜHRER...
...ADOLF HITLER!
NEXT: BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE ROME!

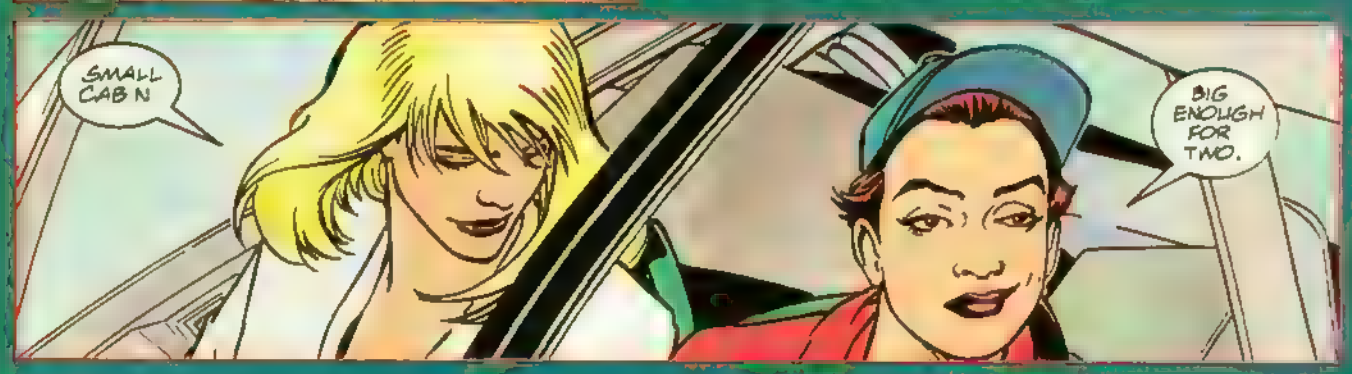
HOT Stories

EPISODE 2: HEARTBREAK HOTEL

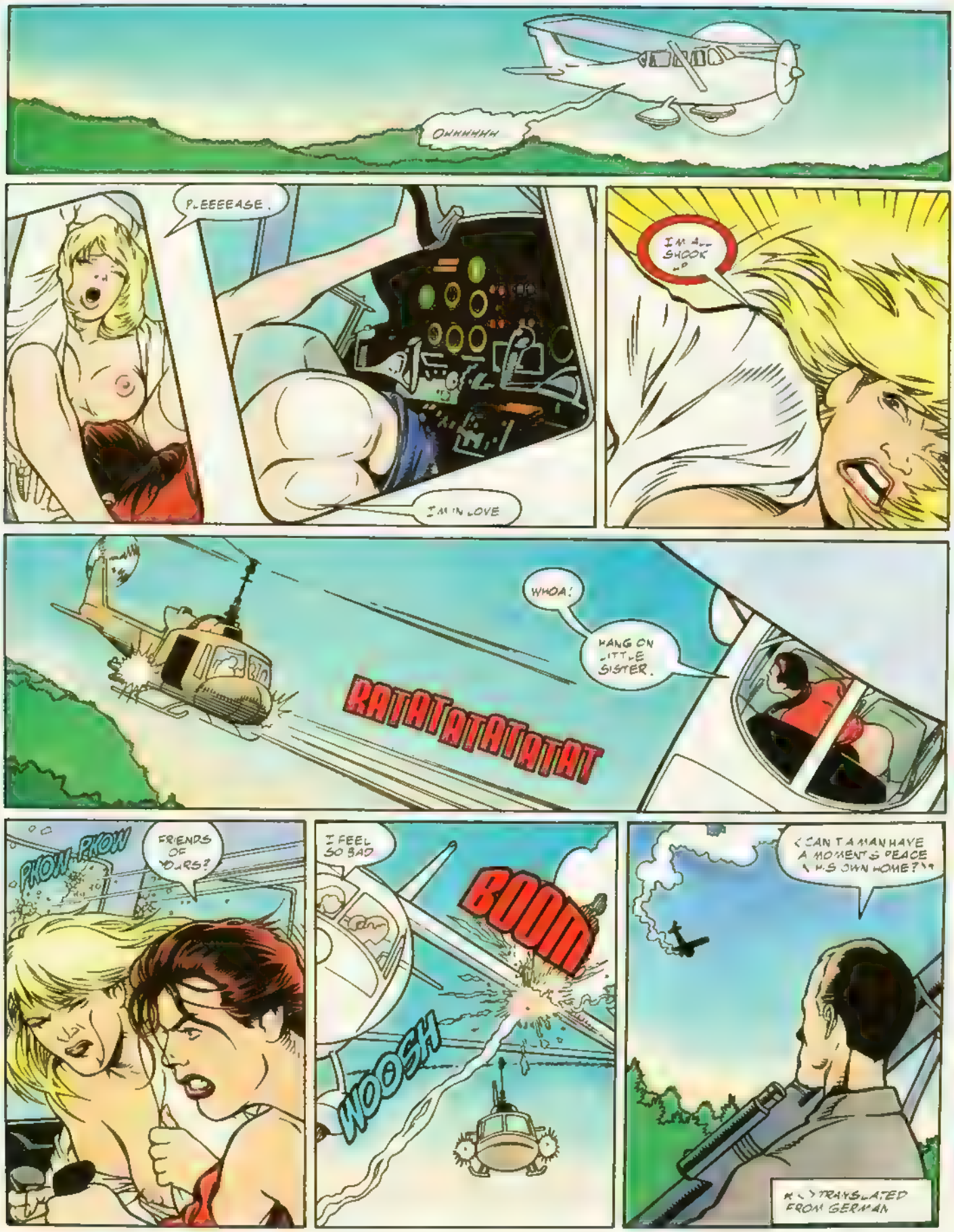


Back in the go-go 80's, a CIA funded Iran/Contra supply flight crashed in the jungles of Central America. It's cargo includ- [illegible] was recovered by a group of natives, who [illegible] their local volcano, the resulted in a muck that grants immortality. The Indians sold the drug to a group of South American Nazis who got rich by opening a highly reclusive and exclusive Health Spa, catering to celebrities who had faked their own deaths and were in hiding. Once they checked into the spa, however, they did not check out, thanks to the Nazis—who are determined to keep a monopoly on their secret formula.

By 1994, one of the captive celebrities, the King of Rock and Roll, managed to get word of the foregoing events to Rebecca Stori, ace reporter for the Weekly World Enquirer, who specializes in this kind of tabloid journalism. Rebecca set off for the Nazi stronghold in South America, along with Alexis Kash, a plucky southern belle/lipstick lesbian pilot. The two women are flying [illegible] Belize [illegible] begin.



STORY: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Kevin Maguire INKER: Karl Story
Colors: Strydom Letters: Lopez


OHHHHHH
PLEEEEASE.
I AM IN LOVE
I'M A-- SHOOK --D
WHOA!
HANG ON LITTLE SISTER.
RATATATATATATAT
PKOW-PKOW
FRIENDS OF YOURS?
I FEEL SO BAD
BOOM
WOOSH
<CAN'T A MAN HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE IN HIS OWN HOME?>
<<TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN

IT'S SO MUCH MORE SATISFYING TO DO THESE THINGS PERSONALLY
THERE WASN'T NO NEED FOR THAT, HERR COLONEL. THAT PLANE WOULD HAVE FLOWN RIGHT PAST US
IN THE FIRST PLACE, HERR PRESLEY, I DO NOT LIKE TO TAKE CHANCES
AND IN THE SECOND PLACE YOUR STATUS HERE BASED ENTIRELY ON THE FACT THAT I ENJOY YOUR WORK, DOES NOT EXTEND TO THE PRIVILEGE OF QUESTIONING MY DECISIONS.
BUT ENOUGH BICKERING AND ARGUING OVER WHO KILLED WHO, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A HAPPY OCCASION!
LET US HAVE MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE!

I WON'T DO IT, COLONEL

OF COURSE YOU WILL, HERR PRESLEY.
OR WOULD YOU PREFER THAT SOME UNPLEASANT ACCIDENT BEFALLS POOR FRAULEIN CLINE?

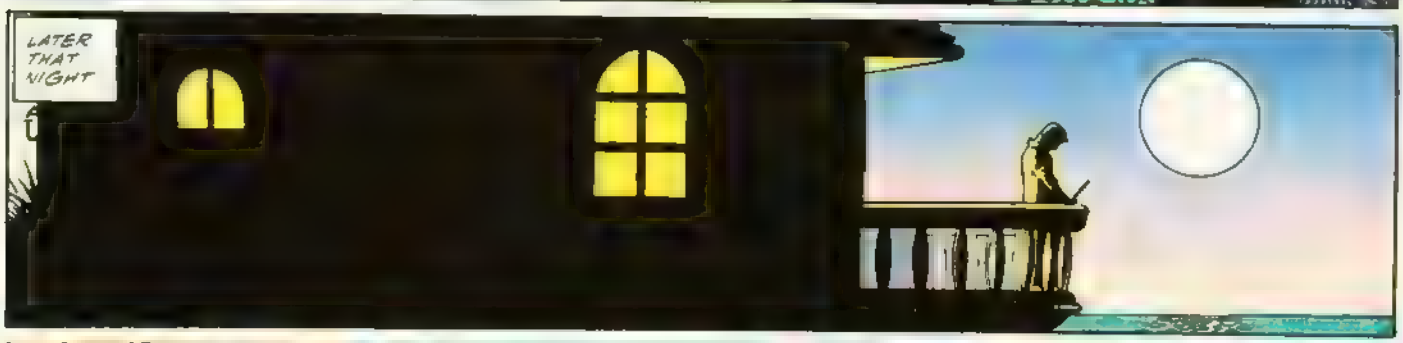
IF YOU TOUCH ONE HAIR ON LITTLE PATSY'S HEAD--
PLEASE, HERR E. SPARE ME
PLAY

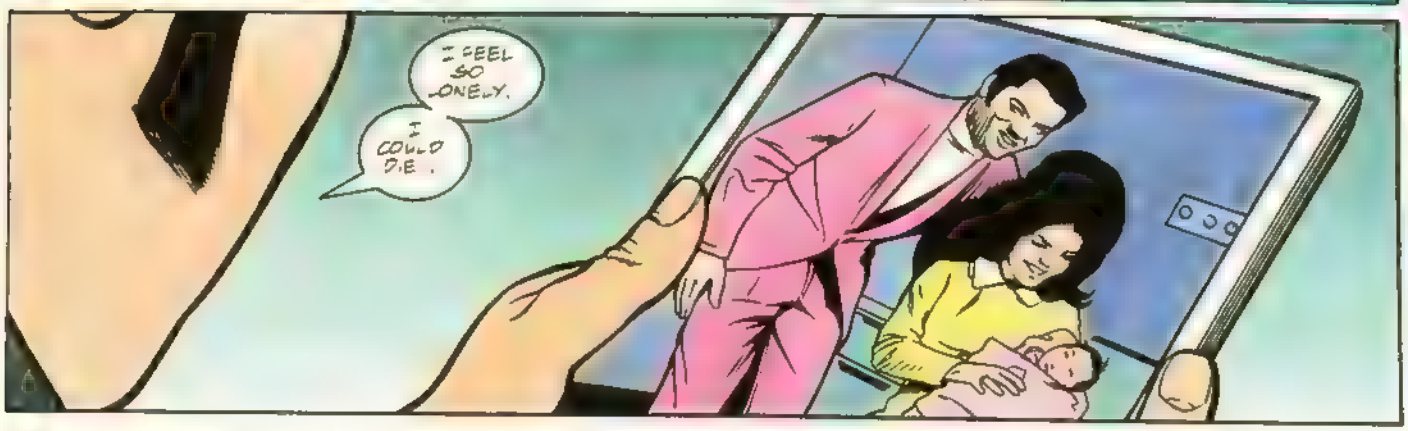
BOYS

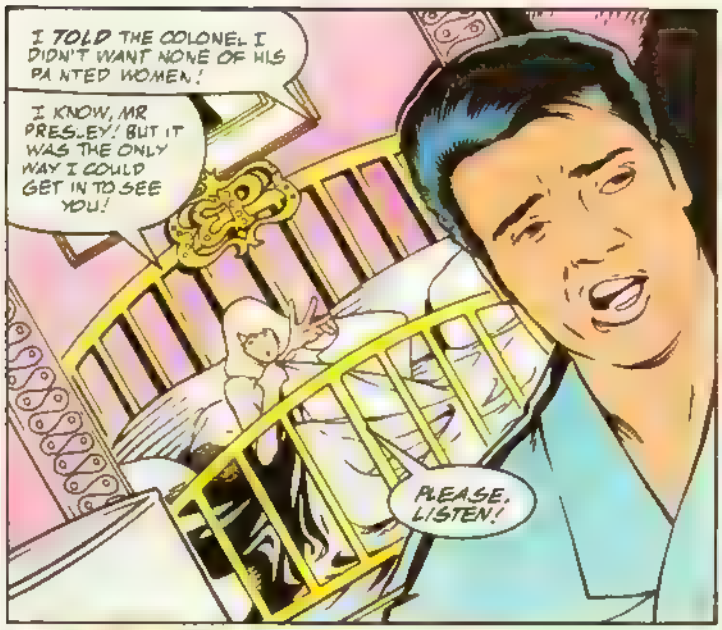
GIMME JAILHOUSE ROCK IN 'A
ONE, TWO, A-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!

WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENING?
WELL SHEOOOT! YOU MUST BE MY LITTLE GOOD LUCK CHARM!
LET'S MOVE IT, SUGAH
HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU YOU'RE A HARD-HEADED WOMAN?
BARK! BARK!
ACHTUNG. SURRENDER.
IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
I'M COMING
ARE THEY FOLLOWING US?
NOPE. AH HAD A LICE LUNCH OF RAW MEAT IN THE BACK! NOTHING A HOUND DOG LIKES BETTER!
ALEXIS
YOU'RE THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE!
BECKY DARLIN', I'M NOT THE KIND TO HAVE A SUSPICIOUS MIND BUT YA'LL WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS ABOUT?
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME
TRY ME
ELVIS HELD PRISONER BY SOUTH AMERICAN NAZI'S..

♪ HIS
♪ TRUTH
♪ IS
MARCHING ON. ♪
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
ALL RIGHT AM BELIEVE YOU



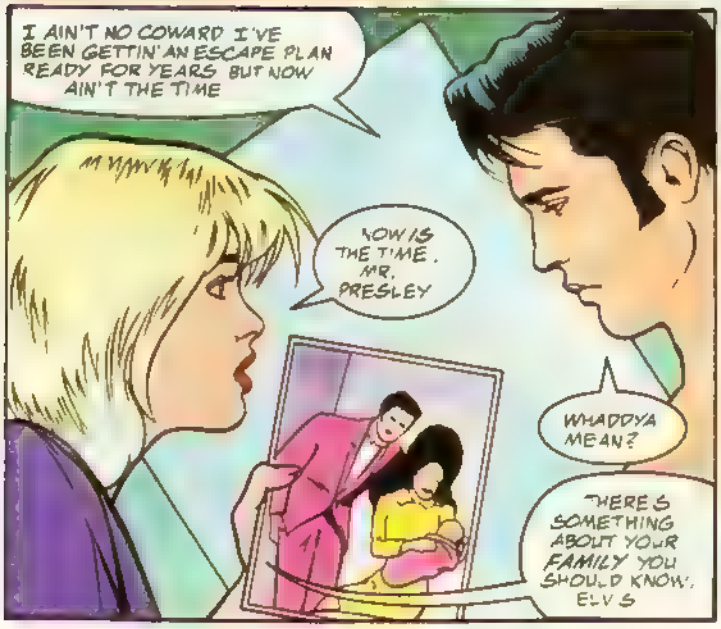



I TOLD THE COLONEL I DIDN'T WANT NONE OF HIS PAINTED WOMEN!
I KNOW, MR PRESLEY! BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET IN TO SEE YOU!
PLEASE, LISTEN!

I STRIPPED NUDE AND JOINED THE LINE OF 'COMPANIONS' COMING UP TO THE GUEST BUNGALOWS!
MY NAME IS REBECCA STORI. I AM A REPORTER. I FOUND OUT YOU WANTED TO COME HOME AND I CAME TO HELP YOU.
Y'ALL BETTER TAKE THIS AND COVER UP LADY. IT'S A COLD NIGHT.

I'D LIKE TO GO HOME, MISS STORI, I SURELY WOULD BUT I SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST PEOPLE THAT TRIED TO ESCAPE. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.

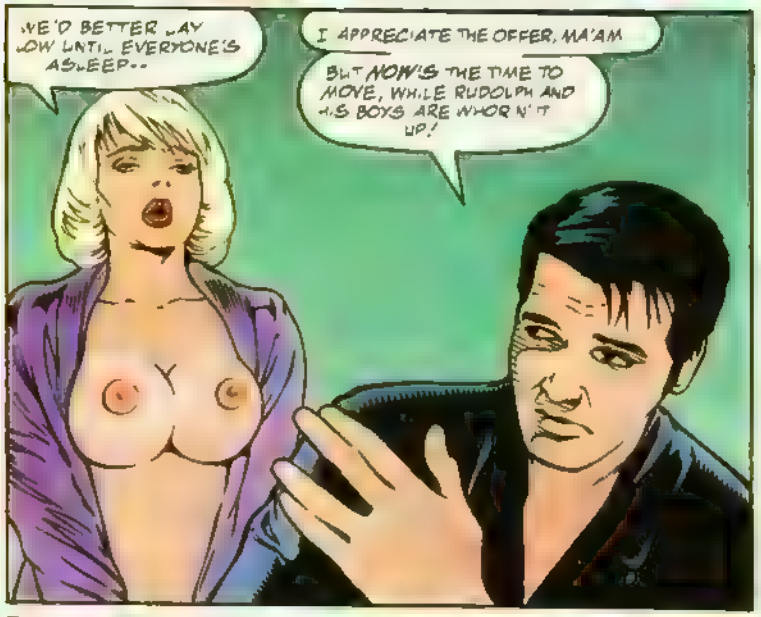
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE MY IDOL, ELVIS. I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED THE KING WOULD BECOME A COURT JESTER! THAT ELVIS PRESLEY WOULD TURN INTO CHICKEN A LA KING

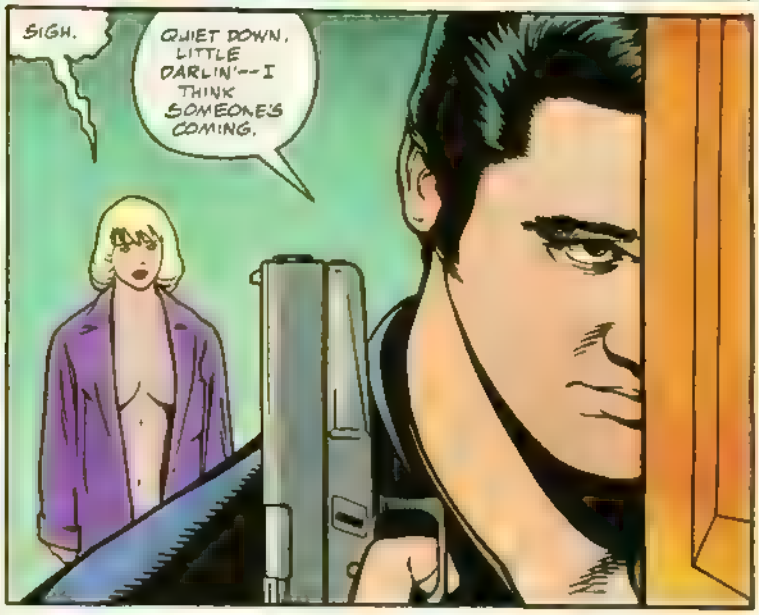

I AIN'T NO COWARD. I'VE BEEN GETTIN' AN ESCAPE PLAN READY FOR YEARS. BUT NOW AIN'T THE TIME.
NOW IS THE TIME, MR. PRESLEY.
WHADDYA MEAN?
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FAMILY YOU SHOULD KNOW, ELVIS.

WHAT!?!
NOT MY LITTLE BUTTONHEAD!
DON'T CRY DADDY.

LITTLE LADY.
WE'RE BUSTIN' OUT OF HERE TONIGHT!
CH-CLICK!
OR I'M NOT THE KING OF ROCK 'N ROLL!
OH, ELVIS

I THINK I CAN GET US PAST THE GUARDS, IF ONLY WE HAD A PILOT!
WELL AS A WISE MAN ONCE SAID, 'I GOT LUCKY!' A PILOT I'VE GOT!


WE'D BETTER LAY LOW UNTIL EVERYONE'S ASLEEP--
I APPRECIATE THE OFFER, MA'AM
BUT NOW'S THE TIME TO MOVE, WHILE RUDOLPH AND HIS BOYS ARE WHOR'N IT UP!


SIGH.
QUIET DOWN, LITTLE DARLIN'--I THINK SOMEONE'S COMING.

♫ CAUSE I DON'T HAVE A WOODEN HEART. ♫
EXCUSE ME, CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO HEARTBREAK HOTEL?
WHACK
WOW! THAT WAS SOMETHING!
DON'T LISTEN TO NO RUMORS, DARLIN'! AH DIDN'T GET MAH BLACK BELT ANY WAY EXCEPT HARD WORK!
COME ON BECKY! WE'RE GONNA GIVE THEM RATZIS A HUNKA HUNKA BURNING LEAD!
UH-HUH! YEAH!
NEXT: RETURN TO SENDER!

LETTERS

Please send comments to,
LOVE/HATE Letters,
c/o PENTHOUSE COMIX
1965 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10023

Dear PENTHOUSE COMIX,

I just picked up issue 2 at the newsstand and I like what I see! The stories and art are of a high quality, and I especially enjoy the Captain Adventure strip, which shows superheroes doing what they can't in mainstream comics. I also enjoyed "Scion" and "Click! 3." Although in your news column you say that the comic is selling extremely well (and I expect it to do so for a while), I feel that you ought to re-evaluate the content. Here's why.

PENTHOUSE COMIX is sexy, but it does little to extend what is already being achieved in other adult comics. In fact, I see little in PENTHOUSE COMIX to merit the "R" rating (in Australia) on its cover.

A.W.
Sidney
Australia

Our next letter makes similar comments, so I'll answer them together.

Sirs,

I have bought and read your new magazine, PENTHOUSE COMIX. I really liked the artwork and the storylines were good. But I was disappointed with the sexual action. I felt cheated. You should publish a second version that is "X rated" for those of us who like to see all of the action.

In its present form, I will not buy another issue.

John J. Tovar
West Dundee
Illinois

Dear A.W. and John,

Our goal at PENTHOUSE COMIX is not to extend the boundaries of *explicit* sex in adult comics, it is to extend the boundaries of the quality of *story* and *art* in adult comics. There are a lot of American adult comics that are more explicit, but they are, almost without exception, by unknown, little known or just plain untalented artists; printed on cheap paper, and, in general, have an aura of "low class" about them.

We take a different road: getting the top name artists in the business and producing the highest quality book money can buy and at a price (on a per page basis) that is litterally the best value in the world.

A.W., While you may see little in PENTHOUSE COMIX to deserve the "R" rating, your government disagrees. We've had several serious discussions with Australian Customs this year and our Aussie fans will notice that their copies contain black dots over the "naughty bits." While this is nothing compared to our "book burning" ban by the fascist Canadian Censors, they give us pause. It does little good for us to make the book more explicit to please you and then have it banned so that you can't read it.

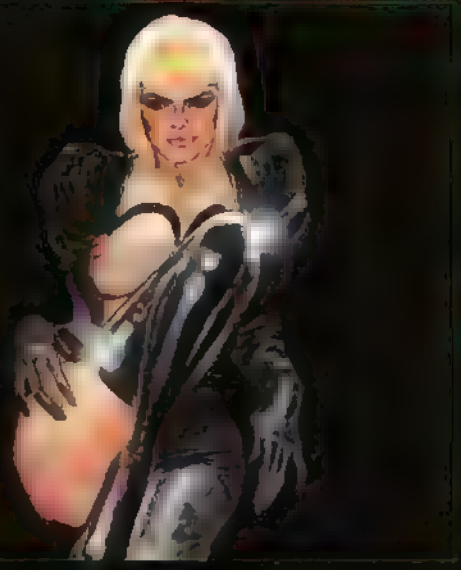
John, if artwork you like and stories you like aren't enough to make you buy a comics magazine, there's very little else we can do to keep your business. Sorry.

In general, I'm happy with the level of explicitness in our books. You will notice that its about the same, or a little harder than our "father publication," *PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE*, which has sold billions of copies all over the world for 25 years. If you want to see giant, spurting cocks and anal penetration shots, there are an infinite number of videos and magazines you can buy. If you want hot sex, and a real story drawn by the best artists in comics, we're the only game in town. Any challengers? —*GKC*

Please note if you do not want your name and address printed. Letters have been edited for space requirements.

BACKLASH

EPISODE 2: TROUBLEMAKER



OUR STORY SO FAR...

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a spike-heeled stiletto pump stamping on a human face ... forever!"

The year is 2014, and a "secret team" of radical, man-hating, lesbian gender feminists has taken over America. The sadistic Suborna Ross, the head of the Wollenstone Craft Health-Care Alliance, rules America with an iron fist. In her "Creche Chamber," all who refuse to follow her "guidelines" are brainwashed into becoming mindless "sex care providers."

Roberta Lindsey, the newest executive at Wollenstone Craft, had already been assigned Patrick as her well-trained "sex-care provider," but when Roberta discovered Suborna's top-secret "DOUBLE-X PROJECT," a plan to identify aggressive males in the womb and have their sex changed to female, she refused to follow Suborna's orders and resigned from Wollenstone Craft forever.

Roberta quickly discovered, to her horror, that no one quits the Wollenstone Craft Alliance. As we return to our story, Roberta is being taught the heavy price of resisting Suborna and her Lipstick Lesbian Legion of Doom!

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton ARTIST: Mark Beachum LETTERS: Lopez

WHY, ROBERTA, DEAR?
WHY DO YOU RESIST US, YOUR SISTERS, WHEN ALL WE WANT TO DO IS HELP YOU DO THE RIGHT THING?
THE TECHNIQUES WE USE ON TRAITORS ARE SO...
...MESSY!
MMMPH!!!

WHAT TH--
IT'S ANOTHER BLACKOUT!
DIDN'T SOMEONE ORDER THE MALES TO--
WOLF!
BITCH!
WOK
YOU FOOLS! SHE'S GETTING AWAY! GRAB HER! I'M GOING TO SKIN THAT LITTLE CUNT ALIVE! MOVE!!

ALL SECTIONS ALERT! AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE HAS ESCAPED! DO NOT LET HER LEAVE THE BUILDING!

IF THIS WOMAN-- ROBERTA LINDSEY-- IS ALLOWED TO ESCAPE...

FIVE PERSONS WILL BE SELECTED AT RANDOM AND SHOT.
STOP RUNNING, ROBERTA.
WHO ARE YOU?
THE ONLY FRIEND YOU'VE GOT RIGHT NOW, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE
REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION.
NO FUCKING WAY!
REMOVE THE OBSTRUCTION!
ZARK
LISTEN, WISEASS! I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!
OUCH!
THAT WAS A WARNING.
WHAT... I MEAN, WHO ARE YOU?
LOOK INTO MY EYE.
I AM MADAME W, QUEEN BEE OF THE RESISTANCE.
DO YOU WISH THE PROTECTION OF THE RESISTANCE?
ZARK
YES! ABSO-LUTELY!
THEN GO TO ELEVATOR BANK "E" AND PRESS "B" FOR BASEMENT 3 TIMES. IF YOU PRESS MORE THAN THREE TIMES, THE ELEVATOR WILL EXPLODE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES.
WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, YOU WILL HAVE TWENTY SECONDS TO CLIMB OUT THE TOP HATCH AND INTO THE FIBER-OPTIC TUNNEL. CRAWL UNTIL YOU REACH AN OPENING. AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.
REMEMBER... BETRAYAL MEANS DEATH. UP THE RESISTANCE!

SOON
MISTRESS!
COME ON, PATRICK! WE'RE LEAVING!
I CAN'T LEAVE
MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS. YOU DON'T WANT TO DISOBEY HER, DO YOU?
NO, OF COURSE NOT.
FREEZE, GYNO-TRAITOR!!
PATRICK! MISTRESS SUBORNA WANTS TO SERVICE THIS GUARD. OVER-POWER HER! SHE LIKES THAT!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU?
MMMMMMMM!
DON'T LISTEN TO ANYTHING SHE SAYS! IT'S ALL ROLE-PLAYING!
YES, MIS-TRESS!
OOOOH! YES! RIGHT THERE! YESSSSS...

ZZZST

I HOPE I WAS ALL RIGHT.

YOU WERE WONDERFUL. SEE? SHE'S PASSED OUT WITH PLEASURE.
COME
HERE? NOW?
NO, NO. COME WITH ME.

PATRICK, STRIKE THAT MAN
MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS.

WHOMP

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU, MIS--
--NOTHING YOU RE CAPABLE OF...
.. NOT ANYMORE

THE SECURITY CAMERAS WILL SPOT ME... UNLESS...
TEK!

PATRICK, MAKE LOVE TO ME. MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS.

THIS OUGHTA GIVE THE MONITORS A NICE SHOW.

UH... GOING DOWN? OH! EXCUSE ME, MISTRESS!
YOU! INSIDE! NOW!

WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR, DRONE?! I REQUIRE SERVICE!
BUT, HE'S--
I REQUIRE A DOUBLE HELPING OF SERVICE!

OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO ANSWER TO MISTRESS SUBORNA FOR YOUR INSUBORDINATION?

NO, MISTRESS! THE LAST TIME I TURNED DOWN ONE OF MISTRESS SUBORNA'S PEOPLE, SHE DEMOTED ME TO JANITORIAL SERVICE!
WELL, THEN GET TO WORK BEFORE YOU ARE DEMOTED TO XEROXING BRIEFS FOR LAWYERS!

DID YOU READ ANDREA DORK'S OP-ED PIECE IN THE LATEST "AGENDA" MAGAZINE?
YES... THE SPIKED DILDO OF TRUTH PROBES DEEP, DOESN'T IT? WHERE'S THAT DAMNED ELEVATOR?
HUFF HUFF
PING!
SHLURP SHLURP
WELL, THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN!
WE'LL WAIT FOR THE NEXT CAR.
YOU WILL BOTH FORGET THAT YOU SAW ME. MISTRESS SUBORNA'S ORDERS.
BUT, MIS-TRESS...
HOW DARE YOU QUESTION MY ORDERS!
PATRICK! STRIKE THIS OAF AT ONCE!

SHALL I WAIT HERE FOR YOU, MISTRESS?
NO, PATRICK. GET OFF AT THE NEXT FLOOR AND TAKE HIM WITH YOU.
AND PATRICK...?
YES, MIS-TRESS?
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW, YOU WERE AN EXCELLENT PROVIDER.
THANK YOU... MISTRESS ROBERTA.
WOK
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
I WONDER WHAT SUBORNA WOULD THINK IF SHE KNEW THE RESISTANCE WAS AT WORK RIGHT UNDER HER NOSE?

HELLO? IS ANYONE HERE?
DID ANYONE FOLLOW YOU?
N-NO.
GOOD!
OHHHHH!
SSSZZZKKK!
IS SHE DEAD, MADAME W?
OF COURSE NOT, MY PRETTIES.
BRING HER.
AND BE CAREFUL WITH HER! IF I'M RIGHT, SHE'S THE ONE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
NEXT: MADAME W'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS!